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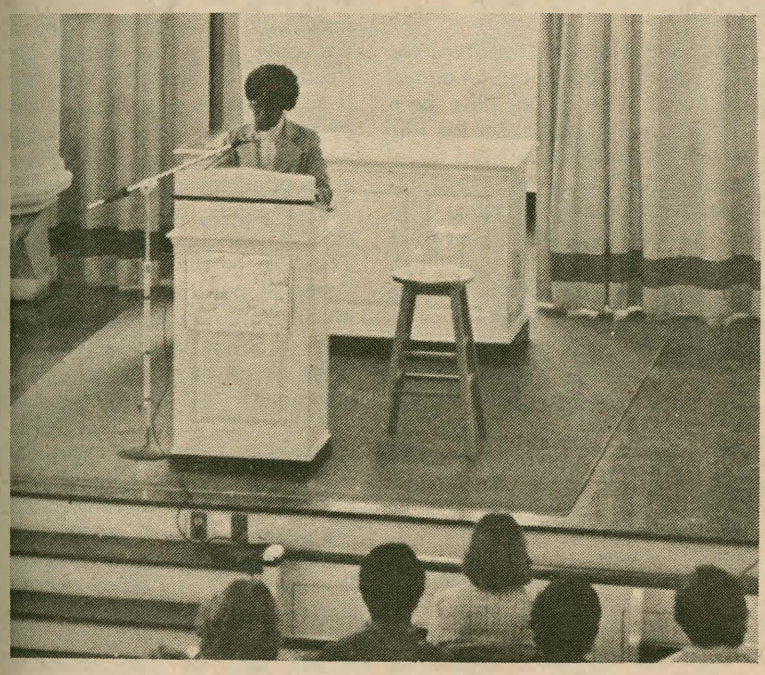
THE SPECTATOR

VOL.X,NUMBER 17 HAMILTON COLLEGE, CLINTON NEW YORK MARCH 7,1980



Chisholm in Chapel

by Lisa Beck

". . . the world at large and one nation would not be in the fantastic difficulties in which we find ourselves if we had more women in leadership positions" — Shirley Chisholm

Shirley Chisholm, who spoke to a Chapel audience this past Sunday, is one woman who has attained such a leadership position. As the senior Democratic woman in the U.S. House of Representatives, she is the only female — and the only black — to serve on the powerful House Rules Committee. In addition, Mrs. Chisholm is secretary of the House Democratic Caucus and a member of the Congressional Black Caucus.

Born in Brooklyn in 1924, Shirley Chisholm spent her early childhood on the island of Barbados in the West Indies. She credits her early and singular achievements to a strict, stable family life and an educational milieu in which excellence was demanded. After graduation from Girls High School in Brooklyn, Mrs. Chisholm went to earn a cum laude B.A., as well as M.A.'s in both Education and Administration from Columbia.

Mrs. Chisholm entered the 91st Congress as a freshman in 1969, and in 1972 she took another step and became the first black woman to run for President. Though the attempt was unsuccessful she still remains a powerful and individualistic force to be reckoned with in Congress.

In her appearance, the highlight of Women's Energy Weekend, Shirley Chisholm spoke on women's role in society and politics. Although a feminist, her words carried, above all, a strongly humanistic tone. Excerpts follow:

On women's emancipation: Women ". . . have to be aggressive in order to let the men, if you will, understand and know that we have come of age, that we are desirous of making our just contribution and want to be the most productive citizens that we can be on the basis of our talents, our brain-power and

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Supplemented or supplanted?

Minority Funds Uncertain

by Brian Meegan and Gary Rejebian

According to a recently published statement included in the Priorities for Hamilton Newsletter dated December 1979, minority student funding will be increased by a $50,000 gift from General Foods, Inc. The article states that the money will be used to supplement current budgets for the Black and Latin Students Union (BLSU), the Hamilton Scholars Program, the Learning Center, the Afro-Latin Cultural Center, and the Admission Office minority-recruiting efforts. Contrary to what the newsletter states,the Spectator has learned that the money will simply be replacing, and not supplementing, earlier College funding.

The grant from General Foods, given to the College for general use, was allocated "for the support and creation of minority-student programs."Three goals for the money are stated in the article: 1) to bolster recruitment of minority students, 2) to "provide additional scholarship support for such students," and 3) to assist in the funding of the Afro-Latin Cultural Center. The overall aim is "to make Hamilton a more attractive place for minority students," and thereby guarantee "the continuation of cultural vitality and diversity that is Hamilton."

In fact there is no new money for minority programs. The newsletter incorrectly states that there is additional funding.

The newsletter article explains that the money was also used to hire a minority staff member in Admission "in order to draw a greater number of minority applicants as well as to provide a lifestyle more closely tailored to the needs of minority students already enrolled."

Rick Hicks '77, Assistant Director of Admission, visits high schools and programs that refer minority students to Hamilton. When asked about his specific responsibilities in the office, he replied, "I do much more general admissions work than minority recruiting. Each of us interviews prospective students, attends college and career programs, and reviews applications. Most of the staff also has an additional responsibility like athletics, foreign students, alumni contacts, or tourguides and hosts. One of my additional responsibilities is to develop a minority recruitment effort."

Hicks was told in a telephone conversation with Vice-President/Communications and Development Joe Anderson that he himself was the staff member hired. Hicks responded in a letter to President Carovano that he "was surprised to read that [his] salary would be justified under the same $50,000 award, after having been covered by the Admission Office operating budget for more than a year." Hicks joined the staff in July 1978.

He further stated that he wished he had been made aware of the award through administrative channels. As such, he wondered how the money would be distributed. Although Hicks admits that new funds are often used to justify existing programs, he questioned whether the funds would add to, or simply cover, present minority programs.

In asking Anderson about the possibility of a retraction, Spectator editor Robert Chassin was told that because the Priorities campaign was coming to a close, there would be no further issues of the Newsletter.

Concerned that the College might be signalling a decreased financial commitment to minority student programs if the General Foods award is used to replace funds already allocated for that purpose, Hicks requested that "a clarification of the Newsletter article be printed in some other Communications and Development publication."

Hicks added, "The intent of the newsletter article is an admirable one. The real problem is that we simply are not where that article says we are. Through the work of the Policy Committee on Admission, I hope we do get to that point. This particular communication is a piece of pure propaganda, and construction of someone's mind."

Thriving Theft

Store Security

by R. B. Quinn

Due to an increasing number of thefts, the Hamilton College Store has up-graded its theft precaution measures in the past year, according to store manager David Cannamela. The volume of thievery is "fairly extensive," said Cannamela, however, the actual amount is impossible to determine due to faulty book-keeping and misplacement of goods.

Because a complex security system would involve an expense that the College is not willing to pay, the bookstore must rely upon its small staff, a door-watcher who works for two weeks during each semester's book-rush, and the Honor Code. "We like to assume that most people are honest," said Cannamela; "We only require students to leave books and bags outside of the store." The store could oblige students to leave their coats outside as well, however, Cannamela believes that that to be "an infringement on personal rights. We'd be assuming they're guilty before they come in."

Since September, the store has adopted a new book return policy. Instead of students returning books within the store, a new location has been designated outside of the store. This measure prevents students from returning with their sales slip, picking out new books, and asking for a refund. The store also enforces a firm, one-week refund policy on other goods by requiring a sales slip with every refund.

"We're more aware of the [theft] now. We keep our eyes open and we let students know that we are aware of it." Although not many people are caught, those that are caught are reported to the Dean of Student Affairs and the J-Board. Two cases have been brought to the Board this semester, however, these two are the first to be reported in the past six years.

Computerized Energy Conservation

by Larry Person

After he stood in the shower for 30 minutes, hot water pouring full force over his head, John Student dressed quickly and bolted out his door, leaving his light and stereo on and his window open to the sub-zero Clinton air.

John is an extreme illustration of what Physics Professor James Ring considers a major source of wasted energy on the Hamilton College campus—careless students thoughtlessly squandering the resources that provide heat and light to the campus.

Although energy is wasted on campus, the rapidly increasing prices charged the College for the gas, oil and electricity are, according to Provost Sidney Wertimer Jr., responsible for Hamilton's ever increasing total energy expenditure. Next academic year the College expects to pay the utilities over $1.3 million, 7.3% of its total budget, up from $926,000, 6% of its budget, this year. Said Ring, careful, inexpensive conservation measures can realize a savings of up to 50% of the College's energy budget.

In 1977 the College began a program, administered by the Department of the Physical Plant, to identify and correct wasteful use of energy on campus and in College owned faculty housing. The program, which consists of three stages, is outlined in a report prepared by Wertimer and Physical Plant Director Arthur G. Jewett. The first step in the program, completed in 1977, was an energy self audit; the final steps call for correction of "pressing and short-run problems" and installation of major capital improvements.

The Energy Self Audit identified instances of energy waste; for example, doors that need weather stripping, air conditioning systems that let too much outside air into the system and thermostats in poor locations. The report also estimated the energy consumption of each building. However, most campus buildings do not have individual gas, oil or electricity meters; one meter usually serves several buildings. Consumption of individual buildings is approximated by estimating the proportion of the utility used by each structure.

The second phase of the College's conservation program which is, for the most part, complete lowered temperatures in space and water heating systems, cycled the operation of ventilation fans, heaters, lights, replaced incandescent lamps with flourescent bulbs, and added some insulation. In addition, the report claims that "Physical Plant personnel have been instructed to turn off lighting and equipment in all buildings when not in use and also to report any equipment malfunctions to the Physical Plant."

Malfunctions of equipment are, according to Jewett, a major cause of energy inefficiency. For example, a heating system can develop a condition which is extremely inefficient.

"Tremendous manpower resources are needed to conserve energy," explained Jewett. It isn't practical to employ the staff necessary to keep a constant check for malfunctioning equipment. Thus, a subtle malfunction in a piece of machinery can go undetected for weeks, driving up consumption and costs.

The third and final step in the College's plan would, besides making major investments in such capital as storm windows, weather stripping, new roofs, new and efficient heating systesm, install a computer to moniter consumption in College buildings. The computer would be an answer to the manpower demand of energy conservation because it could "monitor equipment every three seconds rather than every three weeks," as Jewett claims, and alert maintenance crews to problems as they arise. It can make lights to go on and off based on occupancy of specific buildings at specific times and it can control heating, cooling, and air flow.

According to Jewett and Wertimer, the Computer would be an important and substantial aid in the College's conservation effort. They claim that the computer cost—an estimated $140,000—would be paid back in 2 years.

When Wertimer meets with the Board of Trustees this weekend, he will request purchase of the computer. He will also present the possibility of applying for grants, to defray part of the cost of the computer and other capital improvements. One possibility that will be presented is applying for a grant of Federal funds administered by the New York State Energy Office. Such a grant will pay for up to 50% of the cost of energy conserving capital improvements (such as the computer). However, New York State requires an audit by an independent company when an institution applies for a state grant. Such an outside audit would cost the College about $16,000.

The Computer would not immediately be hooked up to every building on campus. Not every building is "controllable"; the equipment is just too old. Further, it would take about two years, admitted Jewett, for the system to be refined. In the long term, he said, the computer can be programmed "to do anything". Wertimer spoke of fire and security applications as possible future uses of the com-

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EDITORIAL

Hamilton Priorities

General Foods Incorporated deserves praise for their generous gift of $50,000. Their wish to foster "the creation of minority-student programs" at Hamilton College is an indication of that corporation's awareness of the difficulties that beset minorities in this country. If not for such donations our small, and isolated community could not support the "cultural vitality and diversity that is Hamilton."

However, the discrepancies that Mr. Hicks and others have found in the Priorities for Hamilton Newsletter raises a question about the administration's intention in reporting the gift.

The college has misled the public, alumnae, faculty, and students by insisting that the gift would augment existing student programs, when in fact, it has done no such thing. The erroneous article was published last December and to this date no attempt has been made to correct the equivocal propaganda.

It is now clear to the Editors of THE SPECTATOR that the gift is not going to provide "additional" programs as reported. Considering that the error has not been corrected, it would seem that the administration wants the public to believe something that is not true.

The newsletter makes the minority situation at Hamilton seem much brighter than it really is. By doing so, they are misrepresenting our school.

Mr. Hicks summed up the situation best, "The intent of the newsletter article is an admirable one. The real problem is that we simply are not where that article says we are. . .This particular communication is a piece of pure progaganda, and a construction of someone's mind."

THE SPECTATOR

First Published as "The Radiator" in 1848

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The Spectator, a newspaper edited by students, is published weekly while classes are in session by the Publications Board. Second-class postage paid at Clinton, N.Y. (Publication Number: USPS 612-840). Subscriptions: $8.00 a year. Address: Box 83, Hamilton College, Clinton, N.Y., 13323. Offices located in Bristol Campus Center, Hamilton College. Phone: (315) 859-7101. News Line:x4911.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Response to Assembly

TO THE EDITOR:

In a resolution apparently passed by the Hamilton College Student Assembly on February 25th, President Carter's reinstatement of the military draft registration was denounced. It was claimed that the President's action places "an unnecessary burden on the nation's youth," and that such an action threatens "our vital interests as human beings."

We, the undersigned, are outraged at the Students Assembly's irresponsible action. Our Assembly was not elected to represent the national political views of Hamilton's student body, but rather to represent our interests within the College's administration; in this last respect only is the Assembly truly representative. To send such a political declaration to the President of the United States, therefore, is both deceiving to the President and unjust to the students of Hamilton College.

For us, and for all the students at Hamilton whom the Assembly has decided to officially ignore, there is no such thing as an "unnecessary burden" to preserve political and economic freedom for human beings. In the context of the Assembly's written resolution, our "vital interests as human beings" obviously means "our lives." To us, and to all the other students disregarded in Hamilton's protest letter to the President, our "vital interests as human beings" are our freedoms.

Certainly there are always those Americans who take their freedoms for granted, and who cannot understand that high prices have been paid for these freedoms. But the Student Assembly has failed to recognize that Hamilton College has a large number of students who have the presence of mind to realize that, in order to preserve our high political ideals, Americans must be prepared to defend them.

President Carter is fully justified in his reinstatement of the draft registration. And any attempt by the Student Asembly to present the personal political views of its members—and the resolution barely passed the two-thirds majority— as the consensus of Hamilton students, is wrong.

MATT CARTWRIGHT '83
KYLE MACCALLUM '83

supported by

DAVID COLEMAN '83
BRUCE KLEINBERG '80
RICHARD B. QUINN '83
MATT KERN '83
MICHAEL V. MOSSE '83
DAVID HOLGATE '83

TO THE EDITOR:

With respect to the Student Assembly's resolution concerning its denouncement of President Carter's reinstatement of registration for the selective service system, it is objectionable that the Assembly speak to the President on behalf of each student when it is not clear just where the students stand on the issue. Clearly, the assembly did not act emblematically of the student body's sentiments, since no steps were taken to gather and assess student opinion. Therefore, the Assembly has irresponsibily and heedlessly overstepped its bounds not only by acting without the "consent" of the students, whom it is supposed to represent, but also by concerning itself with an issue in which there is serious doubt on the appropriateness of its involvement. The students did not elect its representatives to denounce the President of the United States of America; our concerns were of a much smaller scope. We elected our representatives to maintain a just order within the Hamilton College community and within its vital interests. Finally, the careless, unthinking fashion in which the Assembly threw together the resolution is well captured in the resolution's lack of grammatical agreement, as the plural "actions" is improperly modified by the singular "is." If the Assembly is to address the President on our behalf, the very least we should demand is that it do so in accordance with the rules of standard written English.

JOSEPH FRASCELLA '80
HENRY C. HONG '80

TO THE EDITOR:

We were surprised and angered to learn that the members of the student assembly felt it within their purview to act officially on the draft issue. They were elected to represent Hamilton students in the internal affairs of the college, not to be our voice in the realm of national politics. We feel that they owe an offical resolution of apology to the entire student body.

MICHAEL O'HANLON '82
STEVEN H. SWARTOUT '80

The Spectator welcomes all letters to the editor. Letters should be received by Wednesday noon, signed, typewritten, double-spaced and not to exceed 300 words. We attempt to print all letters, but reserve the right to edit for length and libelous content.

The Way It Is

TO THE EDITOR:

I am writing with regard to Mr. Larry Person's "Frat Hit" article in the 2/29 issue of *The Spectator*. Mr. Person's account of the altercation which occurred at the Emerson Literary Society contained a number of gross inacuracies and an obviously biased opinion. Whoever reiterated the account of the incident to Mr. Person was either not present at the time it occurred or knowingly misrepresented the occurrence. To set the record straight, I would like to recall what actually happened. First off, those present, who could still see straight, realize that the table wasn't thrown through the door, but was broken under the weight of the two men who were wrestling with each other. More importantly, the student did not enter the party without paying the admission fee as Mr. Person stated. Instead, the student had his name checked on the fraternity pledge list by someone at the door and was allowed to enter without paying the cover charge. Because I stood behind the student in line, I heard the person at the door tell him he could enter. Admittedly, after that point, I did not see what caused the confrontation, only two people know that for sure. Let it go on record that the so-called "party-crasher" did get his name checked and was told he could enter. Otherwise, Mr. Person's article makes the student seem entirely at fault from the outset. As you now know, this isn't the case. So please Spectator reporters, and more specifically Larry Person, you must be more careful when you investigate a story and be sure to get it straight and avoid unjustly incriminating students.

FRITZ MINGES '83

Russ?

TO THE EDITOR:

I am appalled at the arrogant disrespect given Mr. Blackwood in last week's editorial column. Disagreement with his pronouncement on graduation does not license the editor to refer to Mr. Blackwood as Russ; such name calling is representative of a juvenile form of argument reserved for the bar room, not the editorial page of the Spectator.

BILL WOLF '82

Letters continued p. 7

What Next?

TO THE EDITOR:

Last year there was the chapel stripper; more recently two students were suspended for peddling pot, and now "Alex Deserts Us." That, to be sure, is an eye-catching caption but also a rather euphemistic way of saying, "Famous Statue Stolen."

Long gone are the days when Alexander witnessed the periodic after-chapel "rows" between sophomores and freshmen, duly refereed by the upperclassmen, or listened to the grunts and shouts of those same sophs and frosh during their annual tug-o-war tussle

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Experience

TO THE EDITOR:

After reading Gabriella Stefel's article "Be Proud," it seemed obvious to me that either Miss Stefel is not an athlete or that she simply lacks the ability of comprehensive reading. I think, Miss Stefel, that you have missed Mr. Snyder's point entirely.

Alan Snyder wrote an emotional article that was no doubt offensive to certain people, but nevertheless true. I personally don't condone all of his tactics in expressing his feelings, and if any rebuttal is deserved, it is here.

I say that it seems obvious that you have never been a member of an athletic team or at least a basketball team because you say that the *players* must live with the memories of the accomplishments of former players. Wrong, it is the fans and

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Alex Held

TO THE EDITOR:

On behalf of the Iranian Association for Righteousness, I announce that we are holding your statue of Alexander Hamilton hostage. We refuse to disclose its present location, but we will allow limited communication between the college community and our hostage. Our demands are quite simple, and are based on the fact that men like Alexander Hamilton are responsible for the evil doings of America in Iran (such as when Hamilton had the CIA put the shah in power some years ago). For the release of the statue, therefore, your college must change its name, and then make a public apology for Alexander Hamilton's crimes. Any attempt by you to discuss this situation according to logic and reason will result in failure. Ask no questions; we will only give answers that contradict one another. Act quickly and show your support for the Ayatollah!

RRUB NOREA

The Residue of Design

Here Comes The Sun

Barry Cusick

Shhh!

If you listen very hard, you can hear it.

It is the soft gurgle of melting snow.

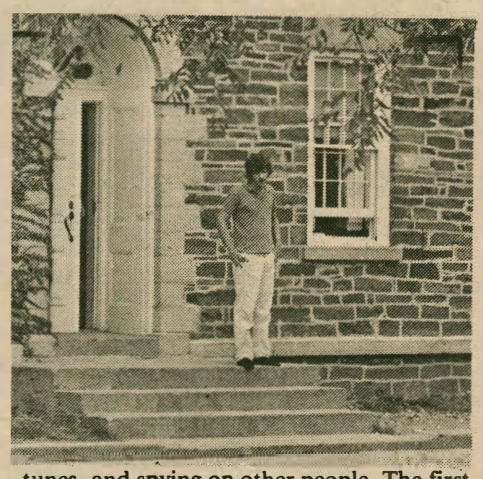
Isn't the noise just our wishful thinking? Is the snow really melting? It doesn't matter. Because if you do hear it, it means you believe that spring is coming. And ya gotta believe.

Just think. When spring comes, we won't have to slide and shiver across the quads looking like Michelin tire men. Sweaters will be optional. We won't have to deal with flaking skin, or that white calcium layer which covers our bodies after a winter shower.

Soon we will feel and smell soft spring nights and grass and newness.

So let's get ready to enjoy it, because it *is* coming. And during this weekend's blizzard, we can all dream about these spring inevitables:

Window ledges — especially good entertainment at Kirkland. Good for all the pleasures of life: drinking beer, listening to



tunes, and spying on other people. The first time I used my ledge last fall, I spied a pretty woman undressing in her room in McIntosh. I gleefully began to take in the show, but someone knocked on my door at a most unfortunate point. And I foolishly answered the knock. But, whoever you were, be assured that next time. . .

Tunes in the quads — has become an endangered species. Should be preserved for posterity. Three springs ago, Carnegie Dorm's decibel level rivalled Carnegie Hall's; Psi U used to have stereo wars with DKE and win occasionally; Sig used to have stereo wars with the library and win every time. So what do you say, guys? Let's crank those receivers this spring. It sure beats studying.

Outdoor parties — dancing in the grass at the Commons Carnival, 2 a.m. wall raves at Psi U, DKE gin and juice, Senior Week. I like it.

Daylight Savings Time — there is nothing quite as enjoyable as going to your last class, swimming a few laps, and then walking home in absolute darkness. And your hair being a frozen mass when you get to your room. In May, you can eat dinner, do some studying, and still catch a few more rays. The time change always seems to fall on Houseparty Weekend, which makes the Saturday all-nighter a little less imposing but still worthy of braggadocio.

Sun dresses — I try to be liberated and would never deny a woman's right to wear pants, but there is something about a sun dress that makes the old spring sap begin to flow. I suppose there must be a male equivalent, but I wouldn't. . . a sweaty T-shirt?

Skin — the next best thing to a sun dress. For those of us whose views of skin have been severely limited this winter, a nice tan pair of legs will be a revelation.

Spring sports — all are fun, and with the possible exception of the decathalon, all are laid back: frisbee, fishing, walking in the glen, reservoiring, spectating, sunbathing, passing out under a tree. Zzzzz.

I always cheer up when I remember I will be on the links with the H.C. gold squad in less than a month. And then a month after that, the weather will begin to warm up.

I'm a believer. Are you?

A Room of My Own

The True Story, or The Duel

Barba Bevington

(I am indebted to the eminent historian Susan B. Bevington for the accuracy of the italicized portions of this column.)

No, Tom, the squirrels did not steal Alex. The tracks you saw leading to the Chapel are, sad to say, circumstancial evidence. No doubt the furry fiends watched the devilish crime.

In your analysis, you forget the truth of the adage: "History Repeats Itself."

Late 1700's. The starting point of the Burr-Hamilton duel extends back to the

years of the American Revolution when two gifted young men vied for heroism. Both were extremely intelligent, handsome, and arrogant — potential politicians at their best.

As time passed, their respective political careers developed, and so did their political clashes. . . .

Early 1900's. The starting point of the plot to steal Alex extends back to the early years of Hamilton College, when George T. Brewster, sculptor, made two large bronze statues. One was of Alexander Hamilton.

The other depicted Aaron Burr.

1804. ...These hatreds, jealousies, and frustrations were held in check. Although Hamilton constantly maligned Burr in letters, the two appeared friendly enough for political foes. Many times they even worked together in the courtroom — an unbeatable duo, at that. A few months before the duel, Hamilton lent Burr some money....

April, 1918. Thomas Redfield Proctor, Hamilton Alumnus and Trustee, gave both statues to the college. A proponent of the liberal arts, Proctor's plan was to face the statues against each other across the quad, in order to impress upon fine Hamilton men the spirit of competition.

April, 1804. ...Vice President Burr ran for the governorship of New York, challenged by Morgan Lewis.

Hamilton was trying to combat the "Pickering Plan," a Federalist Secessionist movement involving the Northeastern part of the United States. The idea was to escape Jeffersonian democracy. Hamilton feared Burr, as governor of New York, would find such an opportunity for power very attractive, and would endorse this plot. He thus denounced Burr as an "unscrupulous rascal" and attempted to swing support toward Lewis....

April, 1918. Trustee Clinton C. Badman '08 despised the idea of "placing Alexander Hamilton's murderer on college grounds." He thus denounced Proctor as a "Burr-lover" and attempted to swing Trustee opinion to his side.

April 24, 1804. In the Albany Register *appeared a letter from Dr. Charles Cooper recounting comments made by Hamilton at a dinner party: "General Hamilton has come out decidedly against Burr; indeed, when he was here, he spoke of him as a dangerous man and ought not to be trusted . . .Really, sir, I could detail to you a more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."*

Burr lost the election to Lewis. . . .

April 24, 1918. In the *Evening Post* appeared a letter from Clinton C. Badman: ". . .Thomas R. Proctor is setting Aaron Burr as an example to impressionable college men. Would you have your son pattern his life on the cur Burr?"

April, 1804. Burr was politically and financially bankrupt. . . . He wrote Hamilton a request *for an explanation. Burr "particularly" wanted to know what Hamilton had meant by the "more despicable opinion."*

The note reached Hamilton when he was at cross purposes with himself. Like Burr, he was not in good political or financial shape. He was the leader of a dying political party . . . he was $50,000 in debt.

April, 1918. President of the College Frederick Ferry called an emergency meeting. 'Our college cannot afford controversy," he stated in a letter to the trustees. "We therefore recommend the acceptance of only the Alexander Hamilton statue."

May, 1804. Hamilton was reluctant to duel. His oldest son had been killed in a duel just three years before . . . (Hamilton's) eldest daughter went insane from the shock. He was reluctant to commit himself one way or the other.

His reply to Burr manifested this reluctance.

May, 1918. The trustees voted unanimously against Proctor, who was denied a vote. The date of the unveiling was set for commencement day: June 17, 1918.

June, 1804. . . .Burr would not accept these ramblings. He went straight to the heart of the matter, and demanded a definite reply.

Hamilton's reply was written in a style more representative of him . . . . This reply was too late . . . In asking for specifics, Hamilton admitted to making statements derogatory to Burr.

In the week that followed, Hamilton unsuccessfully attempted to wriggle out of the situation.

June 17, 1918. "This granite may crumble, this bronze may corrode, this college may be dissolved; but the monument of Alexander Hamilton's work will remain," concluded Senator Elihu Root as he ended his remarks at the presentation of the statue.

No mention was made of the Burr statue, which was quietly being trucked to Weehawken, New Jersey.

June 27, 1804. The formal challenge for the duel came from Burr's second, William Van Ness.

Hamilton accepted. He knew that if he did not, the stigma of cowardice would be forever with him, and his reputation of a gentleman, influence in politics, self-esteem, and respect of contemporaries would be lost.

June 18, 1918. Even Proctor covered himself. According to an article in the *Evening Post,* Proctor presented his gift to the college as "a representation of one of the great figures of the nation in its first struggle with a European power" and spoke of "the inspiration such a memorial will be to those who pass it daily."

This was the time of World War I. He was no fool.

June, 1804. Hamilton wrote: ". . . I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and if it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to reserve and throw away my first fire and I have thoughts of even reserving my second fire — and thus giving a double opportunity to Col. Burr to pause and reflect."

. . . Hamilton was beginning to think of his image for prosperity. Those who claim the saintly Hamilton abhorred dueling forget the politician who always advocated military force, and in his younger years wanted to duel General Charles Lee.

The date was set for July 11, 1804, to give both men time to wind up their business.

Late June, 1918. The statue of Aaron Burr, however, rotting and molding in an unnamed celler in Jew Jersey, wanted revenge.

The plot for justice was begun.

July 4, 1804. . . . (Hamilton) lived life exuberantly. At a banquet (he) was his wittiest and merriest: he even jumped on a table to sing an emotional Revolutionary song called "The Durm."

. . Besides not avoiding the duel itself, Hamilton did nothing to minimize the dangers involved. First of all, the duel was an incredibly well kept secret. Burr attended the same banquet as Hamilton, yet no one suspected . . . Had word slipped out, public opinion would have certainly halted any action . . .

1919-1979. During the sixty odd years to follow, Alex stood, proud of the victory, in front of the Hamilton College Chapel. At first, he feared revenge from the Burr statue, but through World War II, Korea, and Viet Nam, the trustees and presidents continued to look upon him as "an insiration."

Alex became somewhat scared in the late 1960's, when Kirkland College was chartered. He feared competition; however, no sculptor seemed interested in portraying Samuel Kirkland in bronze.

July, 1804. . . . Hamilton requested pistols as the dueling weapons; he could have requested swords, where death is much less likely. The pistols he chose belonged to his brother-in-law, and were the same used in (his son's) fatal duel.

Hamilton did not even take one practice shot. He seemed determined to die.

Burr (,on the other hand,) wasn't planning on dying . . . .

1978. with the dissolvement of Kirkland College, Alex did not weep. The statue in

front of the Chapel became a bit cocky. "Now," he thought, "I have women as well as men looking to me for inspiration."

Little did he know that the plot, sixty years in the making, would soon unfold.

July 11, 1804. . . . A misty red morning. The place: Weehawken, New Jersey. A popular dueling ground for New Yorkers who could escape quickly and avoid a clash with the law. The exact place Hamilton's son had died three years before . . . .

October 27, 1979. A cloudy blue afternoon. Alex, in an attempt to sway the old "Kirkies" to his side, proudly waved a balloon which said, "I'm for freedom of choice and I vote." Hamilton students releases hundreds of similar balloons from the steps of Burke Library that same afternoon.

Burr, still in New Jersey, abhorred this

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Columns Cont.

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clever ploy.

July 11, 1804. . . . Burr arrived first, accompanied by Van Ness. Hamilton arrived shortly after, with Nathaniel Pendleton.

The two men proceeded to salute each other, and then cast lots for position. Having won, hamilton chose to face into *the glare of sun and water. The cavity of rocks he stood in made a 'perfect backdrop with himself as target." The men were ready to fire.*

Suddenly, Hamilton asked for a moment so he could put on his glasses. He proceeded to try a few poses, thus indicating that he would shoot seriously. Yet when Pendleton wanted to set the hair trigger on his pistol, Hamilton said, "Not this time."

October 31, 1979. Alex, becoming even more sure of his success as an only statue, decided to amuse some drunk frat boys. Many laughed at the pumpkin atop his head. Alex won even more support to his side.

The plot was accelerated. the date was set for the following February.

July 11, 1804. . . . There was no way Burr could have known that Hamilton would not fire.

February 13, 1980. There was no way Alex could know that his time as Hamilton College's inspiration was running out.

July 11, 1804. The signal came from Pendleton to fire. A shot went off, then, a split second later, another shot sounded. The recoil from his own gun made Burr stagger. But it was Hamilton who rose convulsively on his toes and fell on his face. Burr's bullet had entered under his right nipple, gone through his ribs and lodged itself in his spine. Hamilton's bullet harmlessly passed through some branches of a tree. . . .

February 14, 1980, 1:00 a.m. The statue of Aaron watched gleefully as six burly helpers acetaline torched through the feet of Alex. "No!" cried the statue of Alex, "Burr is despicable."

"We agree," said the hypocritical helpers. "but so are you." They dropped Alex onto a pile of mattresses and loaded him onto a pick-up truck.

Squirrels from as far away as Kirkland Glen watched, chattering among themselves.

July 11, 1804. Burr stepped toward Hamilton, making a gesture of regret. . . . He was hustled away by Van Ness, who feared the law.

Feburary 14, 1980, 4:00 a.m. "Now place me atop the pedestal where I belong," demanded Burr, but the helpers laughed. "You are a cur, Burr," They said. "We're taking you back to Weehawken."

July 11, 1804. As they turned (Hamilton) over, he gasped, "I am a dead man — this is a mortal wound, Doctor." He had no remembrance of firing the gun.

. . . Most historians agree that Hamilton's gun went off second and accidentally.

Hamilton died 31 hours later.

February 14, 1980. Security discovered Alex was missing about 5:00 a.m. Most agree that it was "an outside job."

The student body found out a few hours later.

Aftermath. With his death, Hamilton achieved a popularity he had never found n. life. Outrage against Burr, the Vice President of the United States, rose dramatically, denouncing him as a murderer.

. . . After the duel, (Burr) escaped to the home of a friend, (who) commented that Burr showed more sorrow than a successful duelist usually shows. And Burr himself had written a letter directly after the duel expressing the hope that Hamilton's wound was not fatal.

Aftermath. With its disappearance, the statue of Alexander Hamilton achieved a popularity never before found at Hamilton College. The students were outraged. The administrators were shocked. The state police were called.

The squirrels ran back into their holes, and were unavailable for questioning. Said one investigator, "they all look alike to me anyway."

Aftermath. One example (of the stories that played heavily against Burr) is this little ditty that became immensely popular:

"Oh Burr, oh Burr, what hast thou done
Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton!
You hid behind a bunch of thistle,
And shooted him dead with a great hoss pistol!"

Aftermath. One example of the stories becoming popular among Those Who Know is this little ditty:

"Oh Burr, oh Burr, what have you done
You have stolen bronze Hamilton!
You hid behind the stone pedestal,
and torched him down with an acetaline pistol!"

Aftermath. The Federalists wanted control again. The Clintons wanted to destroy Burr. And if it was necessary to exault Hamilton, why not? Governor Morris, who delivered the funeral oration praising Hamilton, privately remarked that the task had been difficult because Hamilton was illegitimate, vain, opinionated, and usually wrong.

Aftermath. The Spectator printed an article ("Alex Deserts Us" Feburary 15) which stated, "At press time, there was no information as to the location of the statue."

The editors now know where he is. He stands, facing Burr, in an unnamed cellar in Weehawken, New Jersey. They will eternally impress upon each other the "spirit of competition."

Austin's Aces — Gary Rejebian

A Polished Shovel

Another college tour. Every time I look out my porthole in the Library, another group flows by. Perhaps they'll wash up into the Browsing Room and then I can get a better look at them. Not really necessary, I suppose—anyway they're all just another ripple in the tweedy mainstream of Fair Isle sweaters and navy blue blazers. But it's really the tourguides that fascinate me. I wonder what they do besides pointing to every building on the campus and giving it a name. . .

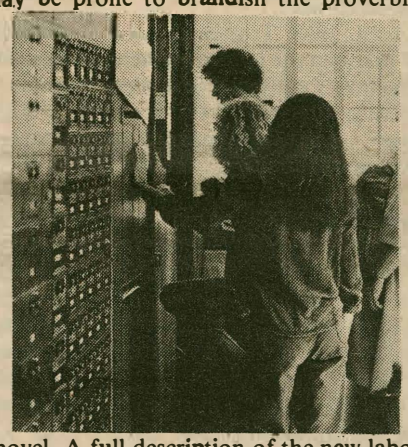
* * *

Becoming a tourguide can be as involved as a questionnaire and an interview before other students and an admissions officer, or as simple as showing up at the Admission secretary's desk at just the right time in the fall. In either case, tourguides are briefed the same way: their purpose is to represent student opinion in matters of housing, social life, food, campus issues, professors, departments, and school history—in short, on every conceivable point of interest to the prospective student. The applicant also develops from the tourguide a sense of the student intellect and what sort of an educational environment it fosters. No doubt these opinions influence the decision of the applicant. According to the research of one college admission office, an applicant trusts a student first; a professor second; and an admission officer last of all.

Guides themselves face several problems in leading tours. First off is the matter of tourguides and parents. Parents concerned enough to bring their son or daughter to the interview often look upon the tour as their briefing session for a $30,000 stock investment; they have lots to ask. As a corollary, the student often gets very little time in edgewise. The conscientious tourguide finds the situaton difficult because he wants to develop some sort of rapport with the applicant without offending the parents. He may also have the responsibility of a tour evaluation to fill out. His interview, after all, is not with the parents. Guides may even feel inhibited by parents on tour. Certainly a tourguide is less apt to mention the birth control provisions of the Health Center in the presence of mom and dad. On the other hand, alumni or trustees on tour with their children are the tourguide's great chance to plead first-hand the case for a new pub or theater; here, the applicant may be the detriment.

Tourguides also confront the public relations material of the College, obviously written to present an ideal image. To the enrolled student, however, some of it is totally absurd: "Indeed, there seems to be a direct correlation between the satisfaction Hamilton students derive from weathering another upstate winter and the joy they feel after completing another term." Or, "If you are interested in theater, it may intrigue you to know that Hamilton's tradition in drama was founded by Alexander Woolcott '09, a famous wit, critic, and writer for the *New Yorker."* Some of it, indeed, is totally false. "Students quickly adjust to the academic pace and soon begin to enjoy it." One year the viewbook even claimed that "You can have *The New York Times* delivered to your door" in the dormitories (perhaps in confusion with the private laundry service). A tourguide's credibility is enhanced by candor when discussing the College. An honest appraisal breeds respect in the eyes of the applicant and gives him the feeling of really learning something about the school.

Finally the matter of tourguides and the prospective students themselves. A good guide must adjust the tour to suit the student's interests without making the College seem inordinately one-sided. But tourguides, like applicants, have their own interests which may themselves be one-sided. In addition, the wealth of topics at hand prevents two tours from ever being the same though they may visit exactly the same places. Even the best of guides cannot fully replace experience in a certain building with factual information. When a Writing concentrator is stuck wandering on the foreign soil of the Chemistry building, he may be prone to brandish the proverbial



shovel. A full description of the new laboratories is quite hard to give without ever having taken a course in them.

No matter how tempted they feel, tourguides cannot reject an applicant before the Admission Committee has had a chance to do so—a feat accomplished easily enough. One Winter Term morning a tour of two well-tanned preps was dawdling along. Noticing that these poor souls had neglected to wear socks with their topsiders, the guide led the entourage through every snow-drifted shortcut along the way—all the while himself comfortably inside a pair of insulated hunting boots. He continued to enthuse over the unusual streak of fine subzero weather of the last few days.

Even if the tourguide and the applicant become the best of friends, other problems are inherent to the business of giving tours. One of the stops of a tour, especially at a residential college, is at some "typical" freshman living space. The applicant almost always expects it. But every tourguide knows that the surest way to lose a friend is to show up at the same doorsill at 10 o'clock every Monday morning; even twice a month prompts a noticeable aloofness. So the tourguide is left to hunt down open doors or to knock on uncharted ones and hope for the best.

Waltzing in on lecture classes invariably raises the eyes of a few rows of students, who regard the retinue in the manner of a fashion show. And then there are large groups. Not only must the guide continue on in an unusually loud tone of voice, but he'll probably miss lunch in the process of answering all the last-minute questions that 16 parents and students can dream up. The students themselves also suffer, for they will not feel as close a rapport with the tourguide, nor will he get to know any of them well enough to write a recommendation.

For their devotion and accommodating help to a frantic secretary calling at 8:30 in the morning to find a replacement for the ten o'clock tour, guides are given a few kind words and an honorarium of $25 at the end of the semester if they have done all of their assigned tours. Occasionally they might recognize a familiar face or two in the freshman funny book. And when Spring finals week rolls around, there's always the Admission staff picnic at the Harding farm.

* * *

Perhaps tourguides wear out their Bean boots because they want to. Or because they are proud of their school and enjoy showing it off. Or because they like meeting people. Or perhaps, for a change, because they like the sense of control that comes from guiding rather than being guided.

Impressions of an Idiot — Marvin the Torch

A Nation of Mrs. Jellybys

"next to of course god america i

"next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims' and so forth oh
say can you see by the dawn's early my
country 'tis of centuries come and go
and are no more what of it we should worry
in every language even deafanddumb
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be more beautiful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they died instead
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?"

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water
E.E. Cummings

"Hi Dad! How are ya?

. . .I'm fine. No, I haven't been neglecting my work.

No, I didn't call because I need more money. I just wanted to thank you for the article you sent about John Anderson.

Yes, Dad, I could vote for him. . .seems like an intelligent man, honest too. . .

Did you hear what that idiot Reagan wants to do? — blockade Cuba. What the hell would an embargo on cigars proove?

That stupid old man is riding the current wave of jingosim, and I hope it comes crashing down on his head. . .the old wind bag!

I *know* he isn't going to get elected, but it seems to me that the American voters are out to lunch — they just encouraged the old goat by supporting him so heavily in New Hampshire. John Anderson is right.

We've got to stop being a nation of Mrs. Jellybys: we've got to turn our new hawkishness inward and apply it to our domestic problems; we've got to cut our gluttonous consumption of Middle East oil; we've got to fight inflation.

I sure as hell don't want to go to Afganistan to fight for Gulf oil, and neither do any of my friends!

But Dad, do you realize that when Carter came into office the inflation rate was 4.8 percent, today it is 13 percent. The housing interest rates have gone from 9 percent when Carter came into office to 11.65 now and Carter's budget deficits are over $30 billion a year.

But this is the man at the top of the popularity polls. Anderson is the only candidate talking issues, maybe that's why no one is listening. If people around here knew he was Phi Beta Kappa and a graduate of Harvard Law School I bet they'd —

What? He was the first Republican to call for Nixon's resignation? I didn't know that.

. . .Well, give my love to mother.

Mrs. Jellby? Oh, she's a character in one of Dicken's novels.

Bleak House.

She was too worried about people's homes in Africa and didn't have time to take care of her own.

. . .Yea.

Goodbye, Dad. . .and thanks again for the article.

Yes Dad, I've been flossing my teeth.

No, I haven't seen her

Well, I gotta go, talk to you Sunday."

Chisholm Continued

our God-given potentiality. . . They (women) continue to prepare themselves for equal opportunities and they know their equal rights and they are beginning to exercise them, never to return to the 'good old days'."

On men's role in the emancipation of women: "One hears quite often of the spiritual responsibility of women. Such values should be a mutual trust for both men and women, and the guardianship of the basic virtues and verities should be a responsibility of both sexes. . .. Women need a listening climate and this requires that men must have a desire to hear out of the genuine belief that women do have something to contribute. . . No man who is fully human and secure in his ego can be threatened by women's liberation."

On women in politics: "Women are the backbone of American politics." Mrs. Chisholm went on to cite the fact that "their (women's) participation usually hinges on a sincere desire to be of service to people on every level. . ." And that women "bring back the spirit of moral purpose" to politics.

On the nature of politics for women: ". . . based on my experiences of twenty-two years out there in the political arena I think it would be hypocritical of me if I did not tell you young women of the future some of the things that you've got to think of very carefully if indeed you are going into the political world. So take it from somebody who has been battered about out there. Number one, the average woman, black or white or brown, moving into the political arena, she's got to have a pretty tough skin. Secondly, unfortunately, but it is so, women have to be generally better prepared . . . politics is no place for shrinking violets. Thirdly, this is where so many women fall down . . . financing their campaigns . . . you can't win unless you have money."

On childrearing and politics: Because of what she sees as the all-consuming nature of a political career, Mrs. Chisholm urged women with young children to think twice before entering politics. Very emotional on the subject, Mrs. Chisholm pleaded the necessity and importance of a mother's contribution to her child's formative years; "Whatever you do, please, some way, somehow, take into consideration the C-H-I-L-D-R-E-N."

On the black movement, women's liberation and the black woman: "To date, neither the black movement nor women's liberation succinctly addresses itself to the dilemna confronting the black who is female . . . The black woman lives in a society that discriminates against her on two counts. She has inherited that double jeopardy being black and a female at the same time." She is ". . . crushed by cultural restraints and abused by the legitimate power structure . . ." She is however ". . . beginning to understand the age old adage that 'God helps those who help themselves' (and) . . . are cultivating new attitudes most of which will have severe political repercussions in the next five to ten years."

Mrs. Chisholm concluded by saying that ultimately blacks and women must work together and teach each other, that "You do not grow . . . by isolating yourself; No man or woman in today's society is an island unto himself or herself."

Energy Continued

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puter system.

James Ring, who has become "a local expert" on energy conservation, feels that the Computer system could work "as a fine tuning operation" but he is not convinced that the College will see a payback in 2 or 3 years. He spoke of "much more fundamental problems" that should be attended to, such as infiltration.

Infiltration is loss of heat to unheated spaces. Ring said that "simple, cheap changes can make a big difference in consumption." Infiltration is the "major problem, but the most easily corrected, and it can be corrected without spending a lot." He suggests insulating buildings, installing storm windows, and weather stripping.

Ring feels that the old stone buildings that are so common around the Hamilton Campus may be better insulators than is currently believed. Thus, Ring is interested in studying the characteristics of the James Library, "a perfect laboratory setting because there are not people there to disturb and there is nobody to disturb my research." Ring would like an appropriation from the College and a grant from an outside source to do a detailed study of the James Library and all other buildings on Campus. The study would be part of a Summer Institute and would involve students. Ring hopes to make his research part of the educational process of the school. Finally, Ring hopes to take the findings of his study and make recommendations to the school about intelligent ways to conserve energy.

The College, according to Wertimer, is establishing an Energy-Conservation Advisory Committee" to keep us abreast of developments in the field and recommendations for adoption by the College to help continue to fight this expensive battle." Ring, Jewett, and two students would be named to this committee.

A conservation activity that is not related to official College action is the recycling drive being carried on by the Energy Awareness and Conservation Club. Ted Yoos, the Club's president, is "pleased. The newspaper recycling is going pretty well." He said students are active in his club's efforts. The Energy Club recently began an aluminum can collection to which students have been "moderately receptive."

On campus, while students are supportive of recycling efforts, Ring, Jewett, and Yoos agree that the most basic problem of wasted energy at Hamilton College is student carelessness. Students, like John Student, waste energy by leaving their lights on. They open windows in Winter, only to "heat the outside". If students would be more careful, they claim, a large reduction in Hamilton's energy budget would result. Educational sessions and direct billing of students, in the form of a surcharge for energy expenses, were suggested by Ring, Jewett, and Yoos.

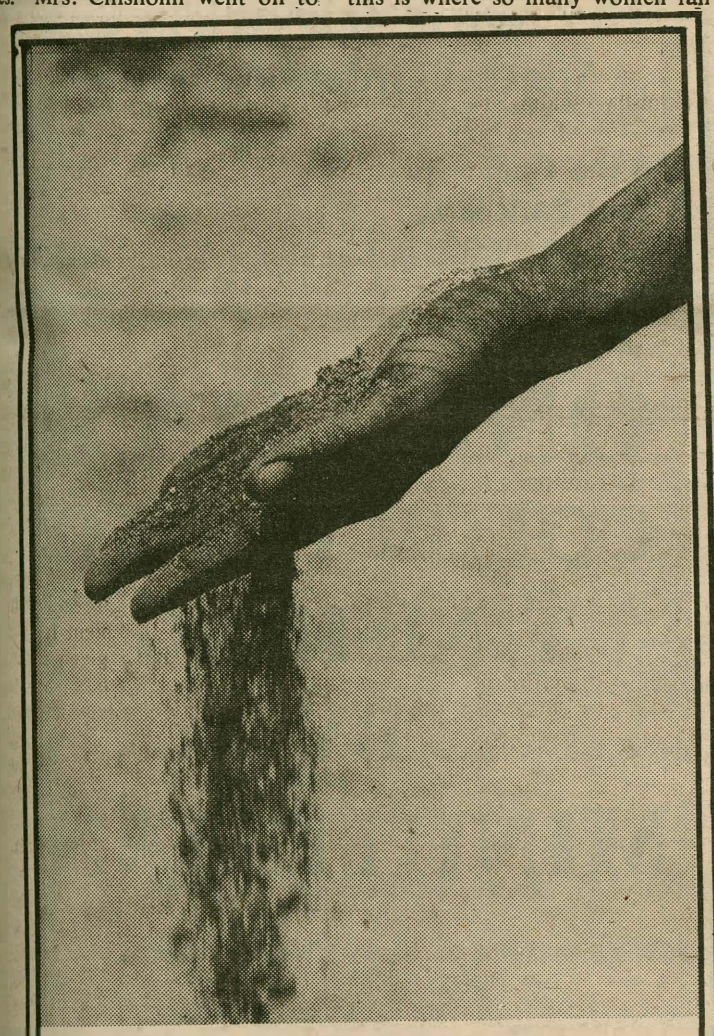
New Faculty

by Holsea Franklin

There are two new additions to the Hamilton College faculty; Tom Millon of the Economics Department and Steven Cotton of the Physics Department. Tom Millon spent his undergraduate career at Ripon College in Wisconsin which he says is a Midwestern equivalent to Hamilton College. He received his Ph.D. at the University of Illinois. The other new faculty member, Steven Cotton, is a Hamilton graduate of the class of 1973. Professor Cotton later attended Columbia University School of Engineering and Applied Sciences, where he received his Masters degree. He obtained his Ph.D. in 1976 from Columbia School of Arts and Sciences.

Both individuals find Hamilton College to be all that they expected, using as a basis for their expectations their previous experiences with colleges of the same caliber as Hamilton. Tom Millon finds his professorship at Hamilton very rewarding because of the satisfaction he receives by scanning the results of his Introduction to Economics class. Millon says, for example that the students come in with a very good sense of the meaning of Economics, but as the course progresses the student learns through the process of methodology how to derive concrete ideas from abstract problems. Profesor Cotton says that he enjoys teaching at Hamilton, but he finds that in the few years that he has been absent from Hamilton there has been a change in the attitudes and aspirations of the students. Professor Cotton also commented on how he enjoys the relaxed atmosphere Hamilton has now acquired.

Each professor's interview ended with the question "What do you feel will be your greatest contribution to the college"? Tom Millon's reply was that his central contribution to the college would be to teach his students to think objectively when evaluating a given situation. Millon feels that one must examine the pluses, minuses, costs, and benefits of any situation before making a final conclusion that is fair. Also, Millon firmly believes that a good relationship has to be established between a student and his professor if effective learning is to take place. Professor Cotton says that he endeavors to make the physics courses more attractive and responsive to the needs of the students who wish to pursue the particular discipline of Physics. Both professors are a great asset to the college.



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Two New Ad-Hoc's

by Brooks Magratten

Throughout the year the Steering Committee, headed by Austin Briggs, has been compiling information on Hamilton for a report to the Middle States Commission. With the first round of data flowing in, the committee decided that information on social, residential, and athletic aspects of the college were lacking. Based on recomendations to the President, two Ad-Hoc committees were recently formed to investigate these aspects of student life.

The committee on student social and residential life, chaired by Dean Bingham, has already met twice and is outlining its investigation. Dean Bingham sees their task as a "vast horizon" and states that it is premature to comment on specific issues that the committee will be investigating. One issue that the committee will most likely touch upon are fraternities in a supposedly co-educational environment. Thus the committee is composed of one fraterntiy member, one male indepedent, and one female student and faculty members, to deal fairly with the question. The life of the committee is expected to run through next fall when the committee will submit a report to the Steering Committee.

The Committee on Athletics and Athletic Programs, chaired by Richard Suttmier, will "review the athletic program and assess its appropriateness to the college."

Specifically, the committee will review: relations with NESCAC (New England Small College Athletic Conference); athletic services to the faculty and administration; athletic services for students; athletic services and budget; and equal athletic opportunities for both sexes. The committee, composed of mostly faculty members, will submit a report to President Carovano by the end of April.

Looking for a Few Good Artists

by Dale Rutstein

The need for attracting gifted students in all areas is critically important at a small liberal arts college. Traditionally, active recruiting on a small scale took place in the athletic department alone. But, in the wake of the dissolution of Kirkland, a new sector of the community, the Arts, is waking up to the need for active recruitment of talented students. Hamilton, now considered to have excellent art facilities among colleges of its kind, is finding that is does not have the gifted students in some areas needed to keep art thriving. Just as the availability of the scholar-athlete is declining so is the availability of the scholar-artist.

According to Edwin Barret, Chairman of the Theatre and Dance department, "We will always have a good supply of aspiring lawyers, doctors, and businessmen—no need to recruit them, but to achieve the balence so necessary at a liberal arts school we must have artists.

So far there are no formal programs designed or in practice to get the talented students. There is an arts weekend organized by the admission office every year for interested pre-freshmen. But the feeling among many performing arts faculty members is that the actual seeking out of bright students is a neccesity for the continued survival and prosperity of the arts.

Stephen Bonta, chairman of the Music department, feels that the core of any strong program in music is performance, both vocal and instrumental. It happens that Hamilton has more than enough singers and very few instrumentalists. (It simply takes longer to reach adequacy in a string instrument than it does in voice.) The College does have outstanding instrumental conductors in Charles Schnieder and Charles England, both highly accomplished in their fields. According to Bonta what is needed now is the "critical mass," the material to work with, especially in instrumental performance.

In order to achieve the "critical mass" Bonta has come up with the outlines of a plan that seeks to define where the bright students in music are. He foresees an ongoing survey of high schools that have a record of sending students to the All-State Competitions in music in New York State. By monitoring the existing structure of state-wide competitions the music department will be able to locate the "rich" high schools and will make an effort to interest their students in music at Hamilton. These plans are still very much in the ether and bringing them to solid form depends upon futher deliberation.

Edwin Barret feels his department is in a more difficult position. There is no existing structure for high school actors and dancers which he can survey. His department believes there is a need for more effort along these lines. They have no plans although there is serious discussion.

During the complicated merger process, talk of combining the Dance department with the Physical Education department started damaging rumors that the Dance major was being phased out. The Dance major is alive but enrollment is down since the merger and many believe this is due to rumor. Dance in the past has been strong, producing many broadly educated, refined dancers. Because their future was, for a while, "in doubt," dance is having trouble attracting their "critical mass," a situation Barrett hopes to rectify in the near future.

In the visual arts department, headed by Bruce Muirhead, enrollment and number of majors has stayed the same since the merger. Contrary to popular belief, studio art is stronger than ever, in fact more *men* are now majoring in studio art since the merger. Muirhead feels it is of great importance to the college that the arts maintain an appeal for the talented. He also believes one of the chief ways a college art department maintains its reputation is through informal spreading of the word. Muirhead said, "It's important to let [prospective students] know Hamilton is not an art school, or conservatory; our purpose is not to train professionals, though many of our graduates do become professional artists."

"Very good communication with admissions and Communications and Development help us in many ways," said Muirhead. Often Art faculty travel around the country with the Development office to let Alumni know about art at Hamilton. During these trips interested pre-freshmen are invited to talk with the professor. As is the case with performing arts, Muirhead evaluates the work of prospective students and makes that evaluation part of the admission process.

When asked about the newly formed Admissions Policy Committee Muirhead said he is concerned that there should be a person from the arts on that committee.

The future success of Hamilton depends upon a balenced approach to liberal arts. Many on this campus are devoted to maintaining and upgrading the arts. Hamilton has the best combination of academics and art among comparative schools, and in order to keep that distinction in the face of a shrinking pool of applicants many feel a concerted searching-out of talented students in the arts is absolutely necessary.

Bristol Campus Center has been undergoing a change this past week. In case you have not noticed, the doors have been fixed, hallways painted, and windows repaired. Whether or not this had anything to do with the trustees arriving on campus this weekend--we are still glad to see it.

COUNSELORS: Adirondack Boys' Camp; 7½ weeks. $500-$600; Campcraft, Sailing, Swimming (WSI), Trip Leader, Riflery, Archery, Sports, Driver. 39 Mill Valley Road, Pittsford, New York 14534.

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Letters Continued

Experience con't

continued from p. 2

the coach that live with those memories. The only memories that the players retain are those in which they were personally involved. Another point: If you had spent any time investigating the validity of your claims, you would have discovered that those least upset with the end of the "Streak" were the players themselves. Those "poor boys" fortunately have a more positive attitude than that of seeing themselves in "Hamilton's history as the losers." They see the end of the streak as a whole new beginning. The longer the "Streak' kept going the harder it became to keep winning. I don't think that you could possibly appreciate the feeling of pressure and the tension created by the streak. I am sure that all of the players regret the end of such a phenomenal winning streak, but also I think that they feel relief. Now, there is no constant, overbearing pressure to win other than the normal amount on any player in any sport. Now, they can just play basketball.

In response to your sentiments about "senior" leadership, I speak as a member of the Women's Basketball team at Hamilton and a player for seven years of soccer, volleyball, softball, and track. I think that I am in a position to tell you that senior leadership is definitely a MUST. Talent is a gift, but a gift one cannot use without the proper experience. Talent can only become greatness through the guiding hand of experience—which comes from the older members of the team. If you were a basketball player, Miss Stefel, you would know the importance of experience when your team is down by one with possession of the ball, and the scoreboard reads, 00.04 seconds left.

Finally, I personally am not making any statements or judgements about the coach of the Men's Varsity team and his rights as the coach or about the players themselves. My point is to impress upon those who feel that it is their duty to comment on or rebuff a statement, that they themselves must be doubly prepared, knowledgeable, and experienced.

MARRA HARRIS '82

Arosed by Apathy

TO THE EDITOR:

Welcome to Hamilton College. We will give you a good education, though you will have little say in running the school. When you become a Hamilton student you will no longer care; apathy seems to be a part of matriculation.

Saturday morning, March 1, 1980. "Are you going to any Women's Energy Weekend events?" "I don't really know what Women's Energy Weekend is. Is it women for solar energy?" "No!" That was a response from a freshwomen, the men's response I didn't have to ask about, it was evident from their low level of participation. We have a chance for awareness, but we don't really care enough to join in. That is why the administration can do what they want to us. No one bothers objecting.

Graduation was moved inside without the students being consulted. That scares me. I want to feel that after four years I will get some choice in my graduation. It is especially appropriate for this year's senior class because its members weren't even consulted about a change of college (i.e. Kirkland — Hamilton). Then of course there is the idea of more resident advisors. The students aren't being consulted that I know if. I like my advisor, she's a good person, but I see no need for one a hall. Strikes me as a waste of money that could be used elsewhere. The pub perhaps?

Shall I mention the drug fiasco? What protest was made of the search of rooms. Very little. A few letters to the editor. That's all. Had we protested a bit and worked together we might have been able to get the students reinstated. No one bothered. After all they have a paper due in four days. Got to get the grades. Got to do well so I can make a lot of money. Perhaps we'll have to wait for another Vietnam to end the listlessness of our times.

LIZA TOMMANEY '83

VOTE!

TO THE EDITOR:

We would like to remind all Hamilton students who are registered in the State of New York that the 1980 Presidential Primary elections will be held on March 25. If you will not be in your home voting district on the 25th of March (this is during Spring Break) you should apply through your local County Board of Elections to receive an Absentee Ballot for the appropriate party primary. An Absentee Ballot will ensure your vote in this important election process. Only those registered in either the Democratic or Republican parties may vote in their respective party primaries.

JAMES BRESSON '83
MATTHEW LEVINE '83

continued from p. 2

through the fountain behind the chapel. Yes, he could even have winced a little upon hearing loud whacks on the rear ends of those foot-racers who lasted the length of the quadrangle on Paddle Day.

Are we to believe that a few students on the Hill seem to be majoring in extracurricular activities to such an extent that moral values no longer exist? Is it possible that the perpetrators of this recent act—if they were students—were too drunk or too "high" to know what they were doing?

As Provost Sidney Wertimer commented, "The historic value greatly exceeds its metallic value." Let us hope that if and when the statue is recovered, a future headline in *The Spectator* might read: "Hamilton Comes Home." God forbid that the chapel bell might be next!

N. H. MCGRIFFIN '24

Music

TO THE EDITOR:

Last week while browsing through the Spectator I happened to notice an article on the Arts Page entitled: "New Wave: Sound for the Future." One of the opening sections read as follows: "our musical tastes have turned to the bland, mass conformity of the middle of the road bands that characterize today's popular music. This music uses the principle of the largest common denominator in order to appeal to the largest number of individuals; it is virtually valueless."

An underlying theme to this article then is that what the majority likes or your Joe Lunchbucket American likes cannot be considered of value. I do not quite follow the logic of how what is popular has to be "bland" and "valueless." By using a universal appeal approach, Shakespeare wrote plays which were neither dull nor valueless but on the contrary masterpieces. What the author of the New Wave article assumes as did many in the 1960's is that conformity implies stupidity or vapidity in the arts. It never crossed my mind that conformity implied inferior culture or more specifically inferior music. To me what the author advocates, conforming to nonconformity, has no value.

The mainstream of culture adjusts gradaually to the needs in a society. During the sixties and early seventies rock and roll produced some outstanding listening music. On the other hand, it is not oriented toward couples dancing or realy any patterned dancing. Disco came along in the mainstream of culture, not from some revolt as the author tells us but as Agnes B. Demille explains from a need to bring dancing once again back into the center of American social life. The only period in which unorganized dancing predominated American social life was in the sixties and early seventies.

I'm glad this "valueless' dance oriented music has returned because it makes for much better parties than the supposedly sophisticated music the author speaks of by supplying an additional mechanism for social interaction besides talking at parties. Generally the only people I meet at parties with the supposedly sophisticated rock music are those asking where the foosball table is, where the beer is or where the floor is. Or someone asking "Haven't I spilled beer on you somewhere before?"

Some people would agree so far with what I have said about popular music but point out emphatically that dance music should be confined to parties because it allsounds the same because it is simplistic. Does complexity offer a good measure of music quality? Does Bob Dylan with his solo performance rank below Steak Nite with its five or ten piece band? Or should we assume that Bach's complexity makes his musical scores superior to Beethoven? And really to get right down to it, is dance music monotonous and simplistic? A style of music which all sounds similar to a listener probably indicates unfamiliarity as much as anything else. To me all Jazz music sounds similar, and all Country music does also. I do not, however, claim it to be simplistic or unsophisticated. It simply shows I have not developed a discriminating ear for either through frequent listening.

Some people point out that popular music has meaningless lyrics. In most cases I quite agree; yet lyrics really are secondary to musical composition. For if we start judging music mostly on lyrics we may as well throw out any classical music we have and also most of our jazz.

If one wants to question the value of music then perhaps we should question the New Wave's social value before Disco since it is inferior in social interaction.

JONATHAN B. RANDLE '81

TDX: NO PROB

TO THE EDITOR:

In the Feb. 22 issue of *The Spectator,* it was noted in the rushing report that "TDX still shows no signs of ending its pledge slump since 1978." There are also rumors circulating on campus that TDX is in financial trouble, that TDX is in trouble with the national, and that TDX is about to fold.

Such notions and rumors are unfounded.

In 1978, we pledged 12 brothers. In 1979 we pledged 11, and we expect to pledge about the same number this year. We have had no trouble in recent years filling our house.

Regarding financial matters, we are hardly in financial trouble. We have no debts. We own our house. We are considered by the national one of the strongest charges financially. We have very strong alumni support, and have been channelling a great deal of money into house improvements (plumbing, carpeting, etc.). We are certainly not ready to fold.

Thank you for allowing us to clear up rumors which are detrimental to our image, as well as untrue.

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SHRIMP & MORE SHRIMP $6.39 ¾ lb. of fried shrimp pieces served with steak fries and cole slaw.
SHRIMP SNACK $2.49 A smaller portion of fried shrimp pieces served with steak fries. Not just for the kiddies.
SHRIMP & STEAK $4.99 Fried shrimp pieces and top sirloin steak served with steak fries, cole slaw and Texas toast.

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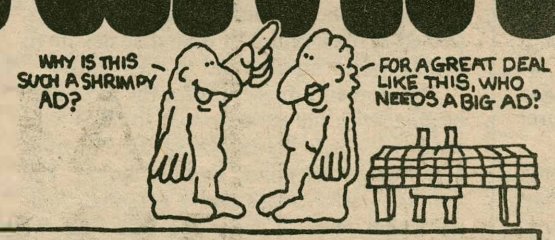

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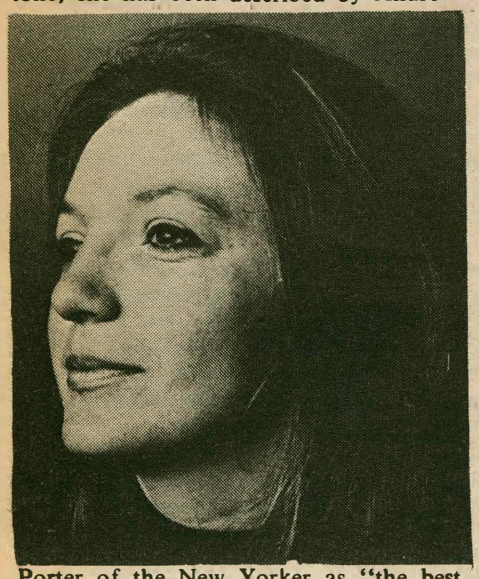
ARTS PAGE

Previews

Bryn-Julsun

Soprano Phyllis Bryn Julson will perform in concert this Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30 p.m. in the Hamilton College Chapel. The program will consist of selections by Faure, Griffes, Ives, Heiller, Tittel and Monteverdi. This concert is the fifth in a six-part "Music at Hamilton Artist Series" which features nationally recognized groups and individuals.

Phyllis Bryn-Julson in a relatively short time has risen to the top of her profession. Gifted with perfect pitch, an amazing three-octave range and an incredibly beautiful tone, she has been described by Andrew



Porter of the New Yorker as "the best American singer."

At ease and in command in both the traditional and contemporary repertoires, she has appeared with most of the major American symphony orchestras, under many of the great conductors. She has been in recital from coast to coast and made her debut as an opera singer in 1976 in the World premiere of Roger Sessions' "Montezuma" with the Boston Operan Company. On her European debut tour in 1975, she met with the same success as in her native America. "It was refined, sensitive, and haunting," wrote the critic of the Paris Figaro, and the London Times reported that she had "sung most delectably."

The public is invited to attend Ms. Julson's performance on Tuesday' tickets are available at the door. The final concert in the series features the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra on April 20.

Dance Concert

The Hamilton Dance Theatre will present its annual concert from Thursday, March 6th through Sunday, March 9th in the College's Minor Theatre. All performances began at 8:30 p.m. except the Sunday performance, which begins at 7:00 p.m. Admission is $1.00 and open to the public.

A wide range of student and professional works are included in the program, which is presented for the 6th consecutive year.

Lisa Nye, a sophomore, has contributed a solo combining gymnastic and modern dance elements as well as a jazz dance entitled, *Decrenza.* Cathy E. Sommer, lecturer in dance, has choreographed a lighthearted work, *Mindless Pleasures,* which features seven student dancers. Together Ms. Nye and Ms. Sommer have collaborated on still another piece of serious nature which explores the possibilities of sound and voice accompaniment for dance.

Other choreographers for the program include artist-in-residence Kathy Simmons, who originally from Utica, returned to the area to compose a lyric piece for the College dancers entitle, *Renaissance;* and Mary Jane Warner, assistant professor of dance at Hamilton, who has reconstructed two works from Labanotation. *Sevenfold,* first presented in Minor Theatre in 1975, is balletic in flavor but the style goes slightly awry as the dance progresses. *That All American Game,* also choreographed by Warner, is a product of America's Bicentennial celebration and presents a series of statements that poke fun at the rituals and players in a baseball game.

Beattie's Reading

by Peter Cameron

Her style has been described as "not unlike good Hemingway, but much funnier". "Her characters," according to John Updike, "grow on the reader like moss" and she is "as likely to make us laugh or cry as anyone in these thin blooded times." She possesses a "sublime wit and humanity" and she is "intelligent" and "illuminating". She is "one of our best new writers."

"She" is Ann Beattie, and she will give a fiction reading in the Red Pit on March 12 at 8:30. Ms. Beattie is the author of two books of short stories, *Distortions* (1976) and *Secrets and Surprises* (1979). Her highly acclaimed first novel *Chilly Scenes of Winter* was recently made into the movie "Head over Heels", and was directed by Joan Macklin Silver, the most important American woman director. She was the winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship and was recently the Briggs-Copeland Lecturer in English at Harvard.

Her short stories appear more frequently than anyone else's in the pages of *The New Yorker.* She writes of people who found themselves in the 1960's only to become totally lost in the harsh realities of the next decade. Her stories are contemporary, honest, and real; they take place in parking lots, in grocery stores, in parks, in cars. There are ex-wives and ex-husbands in her stories, there are next-door neighbors, and there are dogs named Sam. Her stories are stories that are happening now, to us, and her sharing of them next week should be an unforgettable occasion.

BLSU Events

Tentative Program for the
Black and Latin Student Emphasis Week

Sunday March 9 —	Choir Extravaganza: Three local choirs celebrate Black Gospel music. Hamilton college Chapel 4:30 p.m. Free Admission
Monday March 10 —	"Harlem Heyday": Voices Inc. of New York City perform a rendition of the Harlem Renaissance. Hamilton College Chapel
Wednesday March 12 —	8:30 p.m. $1 Admission. Film and Discussion: "Progress of the Black Man" Science Auditorium 8:00 p.m. 50¢ Admission, reception following.
Thursday March 13 —	"Tribute to Mahalia" B.L.S.U. choir and poetry group pay a tribute to one of America's greatest gospel singers, Mahalia Jackson. List Recital Hall 8:30 p.m.
Friday March 14 —	Film and Discussion: "Progress of the Black Man" Pt. 2 Science Auditorium 8:00 p.m. 50¢ Admission, reception following. "La Fiesta" party Latin Style. Afro-Latin Cultural Center 204 College Hill Road.
Saturday March 15 —	Drama "First Militant Minister, Growin' into Blackness." List Recital Hall 2:00 p.m. $1.50 Admission.
Sunday March 16 —	Drama and Soul Dinner "First Militant Minister, Growin' into Blackness." Dinner 5:00 p.m. McEwen Dining Hall. Drama at 7:00 p.m. in the Red Pit. $3.00 Admission includes both play and dinner. Separately $1.50.

ALL EVENTS OPEN TO THE COMMUNITY. ALL PROCEEDS GO TO CLINTON "*A BETTER CHANCE*" PROGRAM.

by Megon Clarke

Last Friday night folk musicians Sarah Benson, Cameron Sawzin, and Molly Scott performed in the College Chapel for the benefit of the Women's Energy Weekend. The women from Massachusetts perform often in the Boston area. Last month they gave a benefit for the Cambodian refugees.

They call themselves "Sumitra" which is the Hindi word for "great friend". The women's concern with social issues is reflected in the amount of time they devote to benefit performances and in their music.

The women's music was for the most part original with the exception of some Shaker songs to which Molly played the dulcimer and "American Tune" by Paul Simon. The Sumitra performance had a personal quality which resulted from the fact that the women drew upon their own experiences as a source of inspiration for their work.

Molly had to stop once during the performance to cough. She went back-stage for a moment, and the audience heard an unusual chorus as Molly cried from behind the curtain, "I can't find a kleenex!" She then came back out, and requested that the "audience cough too."

In spite of their modesty and down-to-earthness, the women have every reason to be proud of their accomplishments. Molly was a model and actress in New York City during the 1960's. She also had her own radio and television shows. She then decided she would rather live in a more rural area in Massachusetts, and she embarked upon a career in music. Molly started out as a folk singer, and moved on to classical music and original work.

Sarah performed with a group called Quadrivium earlier in her career, and she has worked with the Living Poem Theater. She had known Molly for years, and they performed together frequently before they formed Sumitra four years ago.

In addition to her responsibilities to Sumitra, Cameron does "section work" in Boston. She has played the cello for a variety of celebrities including Tom Jones, Diana Ross, The Boston Pops, and David Bowie. Cameron joined Molly and Sarah in Sumitra one year ago. The three of them are working on an album which will be released soon.

Through the honesty and beauty of their music the women of Sumitra shared with the audience their enjoyment of and participation in life. Indeed they proved to be a "great friend."

Movie Scoop

by Ben Weber

If you're going to any movies this weekend, be sure to take a sleeping bag with you. Three of the four films are either extraordinarily long or tediously boring or both.

Women's Film Society is showing *Middle of the World,* a movie which follows a man who is running for a local election and falls in love with an Italian waitress. The story takes place in Switzerland. What originally is already an overdone theme (politician's personal life vs. his political career and how this conflict disrupts others' lives) goes downhill from there. Foreshadowing, symbolism, images, and metaphors hit you like a 2x4 in the back of the head. The narration spoonfeeds you all of this to make the audience complete voyeurs. There is nothing left to the imagination. The film's music and constant reptition of obvious metaphors suck all the spirit out of the film, and consequently all the feeling.

Coop Film Society brings *Laurence of Arabia* up the Hill. Being three and a half hours long and in Cinemascope, the movie seems to be quantitatively worth the money. Action and stars galore (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, etc.), it promises to be the movie to see. The story is basically centered around Lawrence, who was sent to Arabia to evaluate the rebellion there against the Turks. His involvement and prominence grow. This film is generally considered one of the great classics of the "Silver screen."

The Samuel Kirkland Film Society will be showing a rather pleasant movie this weekend, entitled *Day for Night.* The basis for the film is perhaps rather trite: A movie about making a movie. However the film really does rectify itself into a well-done film. There is no central figure except the whole crew (perhaps the point of the film), and the story becomes a bit choppy as the camera turns from person to person and conflict to conflict. It's put together in an almost casual, non-dramatic way, thus allowing the viewer to be one of the people and live the movie making with them. There's no high-powered climax to drive home some specific social message, so the movie is neither overpowering nor highly substantial, just plain old fine film making.

Delta Phi brings the other marathon movie on campus, *Barry Lyndon.* Ryan O'Neal stars in this movie as the man who must always search and always wander. The story is quite enjoyable because of the constant changes of luck which are Barry Lyndon's trademark. The dialogue is well-written, whenever there is any. There seems to be a lot of "meaningful stares." The background music is of course classical (the story takes place during the reign of George III) and tends frequently to be a bit tiresome. What is most remarkable about this movie is that every single frame could probably be taken out and made into a wonderful picture or poster. Stanley Kubrick's sense of grandeur certainly shows up in this movie. You won't leave the theater laughing or crying all the way, but you probably won't leave feeling cheated of your money.

HAMILTON'S ART

by Peter Cameron

Nineteen paintings by Robert G. Hamilton are currently exhibited at the Root Art Center through March 21st. The paintings represent more than a decade of Hamilton's work, ranging from 1965 through 1978. It is an exhibit well worth seeing for Hamilton's work is both visually beautiful and emotionally stimulating.

All the paintings share one common denominator: large areas of intense colors surrounding small, muted human forms. These little people rise and fall against oceans of green or nights of black like antique puppets or dolls. They leap, dance and swim through the scarlet and teal blue expanses. They are dominated not only in size but also by color, as they are composed of swirls and blobs of rusts and blacks and other earth tones, blurred in motion.

In "Leaper", a jester is poised in flight, legs extended above the heads of gawkers. The painting depicts action, quickness and joy and its HoJo blue and orange colors contribute to this effect. A similar painting is "Flyer No. 4" where an airborn infant is suspended between a green ocean and blue sky. It is a clear, fresh image; the colors are tropical but cool, like the amazing blue of Caribbean water.

These colors are repeated with aquatic images in "I Don't See No Dog." Promenaders pause on a boardwalk, and behind them angels and fish rise from the sea. In the blue sky there is a round dark heaven full of spirits.

In contrast to these brightly lit, active images are paintings that are dark and dreamlike. A great checkered floor in "Central Park Rock" billows below a tightrope walker, and in "Burial of the Count's Wife" the dead Countess lies like an exhausted dancer on her deathbed while an oxen and an elephant shuffle overhead. In a similarly dream-like way a dog crouches in a mousehole in a corner of a large painting called "J.C. Midnight." The figures in these works are lit from within, and glow with a holy light.

In "Singing Fish" the sections that are so clearly delineated with bold orange stripes in other works merge and blend, and a great fish with a lipstick mouth floats by. Two large swirls of green symetrically frame the image of fish and gray and maroon figures in "Feast of Saint Ham."

The central images in "Fair Warning" and "Frozen Moment" are visions viewed under water, through a deathly green sea. In "Frozen Moment" two figures are trapped in a black background that blurs to pale green edges. In "Fair Warning" a green shadow surrounds falling images of lepers, below a shadowed angel.

While the paintings are consistently of a high quality they are also disturbingly repititious. Colors, forms, and themes are repeated again and again, and over the twelve year period represented, Hamilton shows little change. He has perhaps lightened and clarified his colors but basically he has been painting in the same mode for too long. Given his obvious talents, one can only wonder what else he might be able to do.

Hamilton's art is a melange of colors, images, and textures. Sometimes the background becomes a foreground by existing on top of the figures, defining them. He manufactures many of his own frames and they add to his art in subtle, textural ways. His titles are as bizarre, but as "right" as the images they share. There is much to see in Hamilton's work, and much to enjoy.

Rosenfeld Reads

by Suzanne Hart

Storytellers have long been thought to have the power of weaving an enchantment over their listeners, rendering them spellbound by their tales. Mr. William Rosenfeld carried on this tradition in the Red Pit on Wednesday night. His reading needs no introduction as always it was characterized by his beguiling wit and sly charm. One has the feeling Mr. Rosenfeld could fashion a story out of the advertisement on the back of a cereal box.

Mr. Rosenfeld's first piece, entitled "Mister," describes the Russian Orthodox monastery in Jordanville, located somewhere in the "mellow grazing slopes of the Mohawk Valley". (I must applaud Mr. Rosenfeld's choice of words here—Upstate New York is nothing if not "mellow"). Into this peaceful community comes a stranger, presumably a tourist who decides to stay on. The monks are fascinated by the intruder, and feel a compulsion to give him a name. "Mr. X" is offered as a possibility but Rosenfeld deadpans, that it is "too closely analogous to the cross." Central to the story is the workplay involved in the similarity of the Russian words "Mister" and "Lord." One of the monks, Vladimir, connects the stranger with some kind of test of faith. Rosenfeld pokes fun at religious fanaticism as Vladimir watches the stranger's eating habits, convinced he is "guided by special design." The story concludes with an allusion to blood sacrifice as the stranger pounds his head to a bloody pulp on the mosiac eagle of the Remanovs, and Vladimir wipes up the blood with the hem of his robe.

The second piece, sandwiched between two longer readings, was a delightful digression which encompasses motion picture stars with aristocratic nose bridges, the Shah, the passive voice in a periodic sentence, James Hilton's "Last Horizon," Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the sweeper on Park Row.

Randolph Sweetgrit, "the keeper of churlish wisdom" and the sweeper of sidewalks on Park Row stole the show. Mr. Rosenfeld describes his last discussion with Sweetgrit, imitating the unruffled drawl of an upstate New Yorker. The conversation centers around the Shah. Sweetgrit has heard that the Shah bought Noah's Ark. With irritated awe he marvels, "that sonovabitch can buy anthing in the Bible he wants." Which just goes to show, according to Rosenfeld, a prophet not recognized in his own home town can always shovel sidewalks.

After warning the audience that they were in for a religious evening, Rosenfeld launched into "Beer and Wine" as a largely autobiographical account of the attempt to grasp "the grave mystery of religious awareness." The young boy in the story is fascinated by one ritual of the Hebrew religion. As he gets older he attempts to hold onto that "familiar beat of ritual," the awe he felt on seeing the rolled, bound and slipcovered Torah removed from its place of reverent grace and dramatized each Sabbath. He acknowledges the need for ritual—"How but in custom and in cermony/Are innocence and beauty born?" and struggles against becoming detached from the ritual.

The high seriousness in the piece is laced with humor. Rosenfeld confesses to attending in a gentile ethnicking party, where he drank too much cola and was more concerned with burping at the wrong time than the business at hand. He did manage to neck with a girl from New York where everyone knows gentiles and Jews kiss all the time.

From beginning to end, Mr. Rosenfeld enhanced his subtle craft of storytelling with delightful humor and sensitivity.

events

movies

On Campus This Week

S. KIRKLAND FILM: *DAY FOR NIGHT.* Friday at 8 and 10 p.m. in K.J., 8 and 10 p.m. Saturday in Science and 10 p.m. on Sunday in Science.

COOP FILM: *LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.* Saturday at 1 p.m. and Sunday at 9 p.m. in K.J.

DELTA PHI FILM: *BARRY LYNDON.* Friday and Saturday at 9 p.m. in Chemistry auditorium.

WOMEN'S FILM SOCIETY: *MIDDLE OF THE WORLD.* Sunday at 10 p.m. in K.J.

On Campus this Week

WOMEN'S FILM SOCIETY: *MIDDLE OF THE WORLD.* Monday and Tuesday at 9 p.m. in K.J.

S. KIRKLAND FILM: *DOG DAY AFTERNOON.* Thursday at 10 p.m. in K.J.

COOP FILM: *LAND OF SILENCE AND DARKNESS.* Thursday at 10 p.m. in the Science Auditorium.

exhibits

EXHIBITION OPENING AND RECEPTION: *SELECTED WORKS BY JOEL GAINES.* Bristol Campus Center Lounges. Sunday at 3 p.m.

music and dance

CHOIR EXTRAVAGANZA. Sunday at 4:30 in Chapel.

MUSICAL DRAMA: *HARLEM HEYDAY.* Monday at 8:30 p.m. in Chapel.

PHYLIS BRY JOHNSON AND DONALD SUTHERLAND. Thursday at 8:30 p.m. in Chapel.

THE ANNUAL DANCE CONCERT OF THE HAMILTON COLLEGE DANCE PROGRAM. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 7 p.m. in Minor Theater.

lectures and readings

CATHERINE STIMPSON'S LECTURE ON FEMINIST CRITICISM. Monday at 8:30 p.m. in List Recital Hall.

PROSE READING: *ANN BEATTIE.* Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. in the Red Pit

Support the Arts!

Reflections on House Parties

I never really get too excited about House-Party Weekend. Of the past six or so House-Party Weekends I have been here for, I have no spectacular tales to tell. I will try to remember what I can about this one, though I have got to confess that my memory is a little blurred in spots.

I did not go to everyone (one simply cannot do so and expect to live), nor did I go to a sunrise party or DKE's familiar Gin and Juice, but I have friends who did and have heard their tales. I did, however, discover something called 151 Rum (Bacardi of course).

I began my weekend on Friday at four o'clock, right after handing in my economics problem set and simultaneously deciding that I had done enough work for a while. All I needed was an excuse for a beer, and I vowed I would take the whole weekend off. In K-J, I met one of my hall-mates who, after I had asked him if he would like a beer, said not only would he love one, but that I owed him one. I had forgotten about that promise made back in November. So back we went to my room for a beer. After I was done handing them out, everyone on the hall who was around had a beer in their hand. It was a small start, but helpful in making my decision not to work that Friday night, a phenomenon which rarely occurs, even though I always like to give myself the option of studying.

Dinner came and went, so did the beer. I knew that I was going to A.D. A friend had specially sent me an invitation to the swing-band party that night, promising to meet me there in "tails". After dinner, I had one hour to get ready and decided to be fashionably late. For about an hour and a half, I sat around my room seminaked playing music and wondering about the female situation. I had asked for a date and she had refused—I would have done the same in her situation, had someone asked me, "Friends coming up? Well, maybe next week?" I was much too nervous around her anyway.

Time came, and I left for A.D., in my best suit and good shoes. As I was walking over to A.D., I thought about my shoes: "Was the shine being ruined by the snow? Oh well, no matter, I'll just brush them off, besides, they only have to go outside twice," or so I thought. My other option was a night of dancing in hiking boots. On the outside of the door at A.D. was a big sign which ready: PARTY POSTPONED FROM 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. DUE TO VARSITY HOCKEY GAME. The real reasons, as I found out later, were that the band would not arrive until eight-thirty, that the invitations were incorrectly made out, and that the social chairman, in charge of buying the booze and ice, was reported to be asleep by some and nowhere to be found by others.

So there I stood on the steps of A.D. with no contingency plans and a big, cold, puddle of water to cross, should I decide to go anywhere, when my friend showed up. "Guess we're early," "Yeah, guess so." And off we went to the hockey game through the snow. I guess I was not right about the number of trips outside.

I did not mind the hockey game. Being my first one, it was an adventure. I watched a couple of minutes of the game, then I looked at the spectators, "Was there anyone I knew there to chat with." So me-one informed me that the Americans had just beaten the Russians. (At least, I think it was the Russians). "Good," I thought, we may not be able to beat them on the battlefield, but at least we can beat them at hockey. Then someone on our team scored a goal; the crowd was ecstatic. I was pleased, but must not have showed it, because one of my friends put his arm around me and shook me up and down yelling: "You're excited aren't yah John? You're excited aren't yah?" No, my mind was elsewhere, anticipationg the dance tonight. If I found a good partner; it would be fun. I love to dance, even for its own sake. What really broke my concentration, aside from the many pretty women I had seen in the crowd, was one person who wandered in, wallet in hand, having just won a bet on the U.S.—Russian game. He was fifty-five dollars richer, although he acted like he had just won the Daily Double, screaming and yelling, drawing all kinds of attention to himself, which must have been his intention. I looked at my watch, it was eight-thirty, and I knew I could raise the question "Do you want to go back to 'the house,'"and a few affirmative mutterings in response.

We returned through the snow and over that puddle once more to A.D. On the way back, I could not help but notice the Burke lighted up, but I did not look too closely, not wanting to know if there was anyone inside. "God help them," I thought. I did not want to feel and self-induced guilt feelings for not being there.

A.D. was still dead; I could see the room where the dance was supposed to take place; it did not look like anyone was busy in there, even the band had not arrived yet. And so, for lack of anything better to do, I went upstairs with my friend to pass the time. He watched a hockey game while I talked to one of his friends. I was glad for the opportunity to visit with him, having always known who he was, yet never having said more than a "hello" to him. As a result of our conversation, I forced myself to admit that I had always underestimated him as a person, certainly a pleasant discovery for me. I knew I would do better if I did not watch T.V., always a last resort in dealing with boredom. My friend, meanwhile, was engrossed. Everyone in the room seemed more concerned about the game than the upcoming party, and I guess that one reacts that way if one lives in a fraternity and has the chance (or at least has to make less of an effort) to go to parties more often.

Nine o'clock came and still no social chairman, which meant no ice or mixers. Cases of liquor were arranged neatly behind the two tables which served as a makeshift bar, and two soup kettles stood on top of it, so I knew that a punch was planned, although it had yet to materialize. I walked from the barroom out on to the dance floor. No one was there. "At least the band is playing," I grumbled. I began to think I had come to the wrong party, when the social chairman ran in with a bag full of mixers, which was followed by a couple of cases, mostly club soda. "Well," I thought, "At least I'll get a drink for all of the trouble I have gone to dressing up."

I opted for the whiskey punch (knowing the guy who made it and its ingredients). I knew that I would have a minimum of two drinks from the moment I walked in. Slowly sipping my first, I studied each person as he arrived. At first, people came in slowly, giving me the chance to speak to those I knew. After the fourth drink, it seemed as though everyone had arrived at once. I mingled with the same people, never wishing to be venturesome. When in a crowd, I always seek out familiar faces.

Most of the new names I learned at this party, I forgot within seconds after they were uttered. It is difficult to meet people and talk with them for any length of time, when I cannot remember who they are from one moment to the next.

I noticed peoples cheeks become flushed as I looked around the room, one of the two signs the punch was good. The other sign soon appeared when a girl with whom I was talking dropped her drink, quite without provocation on my part. Well, there was some shuffling of feet to remove the ice, and the glass was thrown out. "Who would have known that the incident had ever occurred?" She quickly pointed to many reassuring spots on the carpet, indicating that hers was not the first such accident and was even quicker to make me aware of that fact.

After my fourth drink, it was no longer a question of whether or not I would not dance; it became a question of whether or not I would have a fifth. Always there exist considerations which one must take into account before one makes that next drink, such as: what one has planned for the next day, the distance to one's dorm, the amount of food one has reserved for such occasions to eat when one gets back, and whether one expects to sleep alone. I decided in favor of a fifth and last drink, thereby totally disregarding the next day, in spite of the fact I had nothing to eat in my room, knowing that my walk was long and cold, and realizing that if I was not sleeping alone, I should have stopped long ago at the end of drink two. After that last drink, I left A.D. I felt fine, yet I knew that I was not in the mood for an hand-eye coordination exercises.

On my way back to my dorm, I thought that I could not pass E.L.S. without going inside. The band sounded good, and I still had not danced, so in I went. Although I should have payed, a word from one of the brothers got me through the door for free. One of the next people through was not so lucky and started a fight. I had been talking with one of my friends for about ten minutes, discussing house-party weekend and people's expectations of it, when suddenly, I heard the sounds of glass breaking and wood cracking. I looked over my shoulder, towards the door to see two bodies, engaged in a viscous fist fight, land right on top of a table, breaking it in two. My first thought was that it looked like a barroom brawl scene from an old western; my second was one of self-preservation. One never knows where such fights will lead, nor can be too cautious. As to the cause of the fight, I speculated it to be alcohol. I reminded myself of some of the darker aspects of the weekend. For some reasons I might fight, but not over something as trivial as free admittance to a fraternity, which I later learned to be the cause. I could not seem to find anyone to dance with, and I could not find the energy to dance either, so I left.

I had no trouble sleeping that night; I could lie on my bed without hanging on. While I slept, I was fine, but the very minute I woke up, around four o'clock, I discovered that the whiskey I had been drinking was not the finest brand and had provided me with an excellent opportunity to experience a hangover.

I awoke Saturday morning to the sound of one of my friends knocking gently on my door. Apparently, he had been at D.K.E. all night entertaining with his guitar. He went to bed at five-thirty a.m. It was now nine-fifteen. I was astounded at his recovery. Thinking it to be eleven-forty-five, he told me, he had rushed up to McEwen for brunch, only to find the place deserted and the time to be nine o'clock. We had breakfast together, one of the quietest I have ever eaten.

Saturday afternoon, I swam for a long time, having made the decision during breakfast that no work could be accomplished the whole day. Both the desire to work and the ability to work were lacking. I usually work if I have one to generate the other; that day, I had neither. Such a break was unprecedented,though. I quickly thought of many reasons why it was necessary. Number one reason was I could not remember when the last Saturday was during which time I had not worked. Swimming was my way of preparing my body for one more night of parties. I though it would refresh me. I wanted to be in good condition for the party tonight, able to do alot of dancing, should the opportunity arise.

After the swim, I went through my usual process of preparing for an evening of dancing, playing appropriate records, "Nils Lofgren", "Grateful Dead",and sitting around the room in a towel. I then dressed, being careful to wear my best suit once again. "Would anyone notice?" When I judged myself ready, when I wiped all the mud off of my good shoes, deposited from the night before, I left for

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E.L.S. Again, I used the same old "only two trips" logic and did not bother to put on rubbers. I would think I would have learned by now. I managed to jump, very dexterously, right into a puddle, besides managing to slide through all the noticable slush piles while on my way.

AT E.L.S., I made an historic discovery: 151 Rum. I rationalized trying it and the theory that since I had vowed to enjoy myself this

weekend, I ought to try things new and different. First I tried 151 alone, to appreciate the flavor, then with tonic, and I kept on trying it with tonic, until the supply ran out and I was forced to switch to regular rum. No sacrifice, for I love rum.

I mingled with various groups of friends, involved myself in a lengthy discussion with my former English professor, heard "Special K" for the first time since I have been at Hamilton, and danced with a good friend's girl friend. I had a good time. What I enjoyed most was having the chance to talk to people informally with whom I might not have had occasion to talk. One conversation left me thinking I had finally found myself a good summer job. In another, I discussed the relative merits of Long Island as a place to live. In still another, I talked about the adjustments one necessarily makes when coming from a racist society to a "free one". People will express an opinion on almost anything when they are drinking. The conversation which I had with my good friend's girl stands out among the others. Mine were just fleeting flimpses of her personality, to be sure, but refreshing discoveries, even so. Mainly from this conversation came the good feelings which I feel about the night as a whole. Unexpected as it was, our conversation offered me some insight into her character.

I was one of the last to leave the party—few people were left at twelve-thirty. After thanking my friend for having invited me and giving a demonstration of my own method for mixing a good rum and tonic, I left. I decided that since E.L.S. had been such a success, and since I could still negotiate my way, I should go to the punk dance at Commons. My shoes were in for another beating, but hopefully there would be some dancing at the end of this trip.

Somehow I managed to enter Commons without paying, a rare feat, a case of my being motioned in by the doorman, rather than one of a deliberate attempt on my part to avoid paying. All I remember is being asked if I was a fraternity member, to which I replied "yes", a partial truth. I knew when I went inside that I would not be staying long, or so I reassured myself.

Finding a willing dance partner was extremely difficult, a difficulty which bothered me greatly. It could not be argued that I had not made the effort, or had not asked politely. "Who was going to miss an opportunity to dance with someone at a punk rock dance who is wearing a grey pin-striped suit?" At least that was my logic when I put it on. For all of the girls I asked, only one said yes. I knew it was time to call it a night. I now think I should have worn a tee-shirt saying "The person underneath wishes only to dance, mainly for exercise, and desires no romantic involvement whatsoever." I might not work, but would certainly start conversations. At all of the many dances which I have attended at Hamilton, I have yet to be asked to dance by a woman, and until I am, I will have a great deal of trouble taking women's liberation seriously. Of course, having never been asked by a women, if I were, I might refuse out of shock.

Not having been able to find more willing dance partners, I concluded that my reasons were few for staying at the dance; I had certainly had enough to drink and I had stood around long enough at E.L.S., so I departed. On the way back to my dorm, I consoled myself by remarking that overall, I had succeeded in enjoying the weekend. Gains outweighed the losses. In particular, my thoughts returned to the girl whom I had met at E.L.S. I considered my friend very lucky to have found someone so understanding, especially in light of all of the trouble he has had with women.

I was less than happy however, when I returned to my room, about the scarcity of sheets on my bed. All were in the wash, save one contour sheet and an old army blanket, which I had retrieved from my car. This slight oversight of mine meant that I was to spend the night curled up in a scratchy wool blanket left over from World War II. If not pleasant, it was certainly a novel way to pass the night. I was glad that I had no company.

As I had the previous night, I slept well. Luckily, I did not feel quite as awful on Sunday morning as I had on Saturday, although I looked worse. I had a birthday party to go to for my nephew; it was his first birthday. I went, knowing that he would not remember that day and was glad that he would not. I will, in spite of my efforts to forget it, thanks to a little photography which my sister snapped of me at an opportune time. I am my nephew's God-father (technically responsible for his moral development). I set an example for him that day, leaving it up to him to decide whether or not he should follow it someday.

Just before I went to the library at three-thirty (an act which would mean the end of the weekend for me), I inquired about the welfare of one of my friends on the hall (that guitar player who had spent Friday night and Saturday morning at D.K.E.). "Is he working now?" "No, he's down at Gin n' Juice." I knew what kind of shape he would be in when he retuned.

Later that evening, after my retunr from the Library, culminating a futile night's work, I met my friend in the bathroom. He look to be somewhat pale, a little out-of-sorts, "What Yah been up to?" I inquired. Among other things, he told me, he had put his head into a bowl of Gin and Juice. I did not consider his motivations. Tomorrow for him would be a long day. He was one of the first House-Party casualties, of which I counted many more the next day. Monday night brought in further evidence: The library was quiet and deserted.

Though it may have been just another House-Party Weekend for some people, this one was unique for me. I doubt I would, or could, have the same experience. One certainty is that I will not be able to wear the same shoes.

The Epsilon Chapter of New York, at its meeting of March 5, 1980, elected the following members of the Class of 1980 to membership in Phi Beta Kappa:

Paul V. Aceto
Lucy Aikman
Mary L. Bachner
Charles B. Christopher
Terrence J. Farrell
Sandra A. Gingras
Steven M. Gordon
Paul L. Kibler
Lucien R. Martens
Martin W. O'Toole
Wendy R. Phillips
David W. Pratt
Kenneth D. Rabin
Richard M. Rosenfeld
Derek Van Volkenburgh
Alan D. Wasserman
Scott A. Wood

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Give to the American Cancer Society

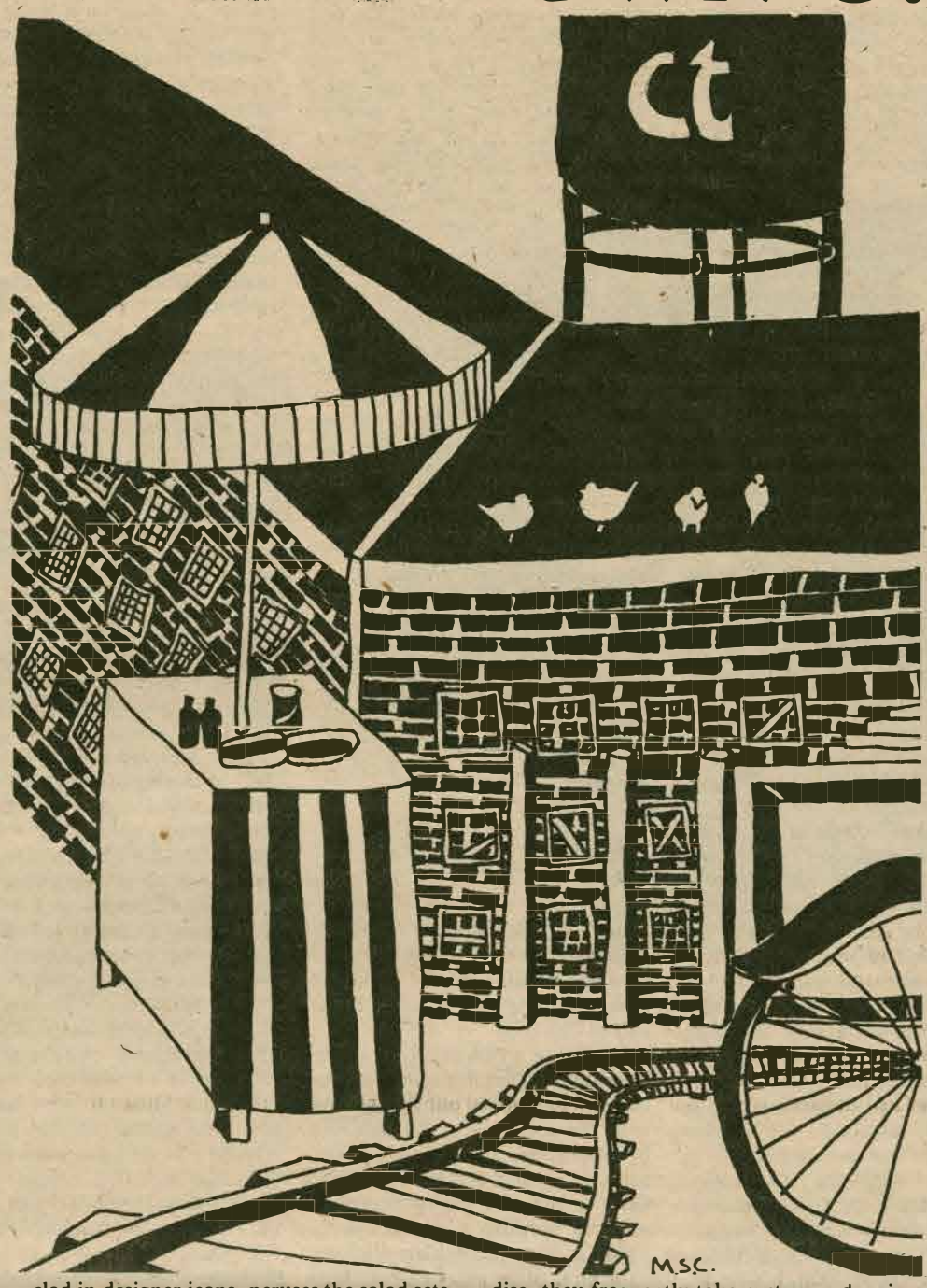
This space contributed by the publisher as a public service.

Bob Hope says: "Red Cross helps veterans, too!"

A Public Service of This Newspaper & The Advertising Council

Gary Rejebian

CHARLES TOWN U.S.A.



Virtually every populated area across the country has given homage to a new American institution — the shopping mall. In special refinement of these facaded warehouse-cum-circuses are the collection of boutiques known as restorations — some, like Faneuil Hall in Boston or San Francisco's Ghirardelli Square, with as much aplomb as Bloomingdale's and prices to match. Equally as popular are factory outlets, the emporiums of designerwear and other middle-class necessities frequented by all for their often less than wholesale prices. By some fluke of fortune, Utica now has a delightful melange of both.

Except for a few scattered signs and the supergraphics on the water tower, very little differentiates Charles Town from the miles of other factories on the north side of Utica. The painted brick wears the soot of many years and many smokestacks. Here and there panes in the lattice windows are broken or boarded up. Not until one crosses the trolley tracks into the parking lot is there any sign of activity in the building.

Inside, the complex of thirteen buildings on 33 acres is a nostalgic mixture of its former lives and latest reincarnation. Construction began at the turn of the century for the Savage Firearms Company; the complex was later occupied and expanded after the Second World War by Sperry-Univac. Plated fire doors at each stair entrance have solder triggers which, when melted, drop a weight that shuts the door. The four walk-in vaults on each floor have been converted to bathrooms or shops. One storeowner discovered a concrete tunnel in the basement that was a testing range. The artificial lake once used as a water supply for the sprinkler system will soon sport a boardwalk and fountain to become a dining area. Future plans for expansion will make one of the boiler rooms a disco.

A sandwich board with the world "Carter's' in chipping red paint faces the entrance. A quiet courtyard has been built over the freight lane between the buildings; a row of locust trees and overflowing wooden planters fill the area once bustling with trucks and dolly carts. The brick throughout the buildings has been sandblasted back to earthy shades of peach and terra cotta. 'SOUND YOUR HORN' marks the entrance to the snack area. Through the barnwood doors, shoppers rest at the formica tables between the food stands. They stare, smoke, or collect their small mounds of bags for a last expedition to the second floor. Others wait in line for a corned beef sandwich from the Noon Whistle, with its canopied facade, or a box of caramel corn from a circus-style stand marked Fun Food.

Up a freight elevator to the second floor, plank partitions stenciled in bright graphics section off the stores and create a maze of long hallways, all roofed by a series of vertical orange boards. The polished floorboards squeak under the weight of the roving crowds. Distant construction noises can be heard from other parts of the building.

Charles Town attracts shoppers of every sort. Bands of elderly women in fur-collared coats sit in the snack area sharing their personal discoveries. A young couple, clad in designer jeans, peruses the salad sets and flatware in the Utica Cutlery outlet. Harried mothers in polyester pantsuits try to find new winter boots for their wanderng broods of children. A middle-aged woman in a tailored wool suit and pumps browses through the doll houses in the crafts area.

For all their varied clientele, the shops have one thing in common: an appeal to the customer on the basis of price. The stores are of two types — factory outlets and specialty shops. The outlets are run directly by the manufacturers themselves and whether they offer seconds, closeout styles, or first quality merchandise, all are cutting costs by eliminating the middle agent. The savings are indeed appreciable — as much as 60% off the suggeted retail prices, which are not by coincidence marked alongside the sale price. The specialty shops are factories in themselves. In addition to stock merchandise, they frequently take custom orders in their various crafts, ranging from ceramic Christmas trees with plastic stars lit from within to hand-painted belts and 'Tiffany' glass lamps.

Especially with regard to the clothing and shoe stores, the whims of fashion do not hold as a rule. Much of the clothing is polyester or other easy-care fabrics. Men's ties are wider; some have scenic designs printed on them. Most of the women's shoes sport sturdy heels — flats and oxford styles are common. Flare leg pants and jeans are in reasonably good supply.

The sharp eye will manage to uncover a few surprises in the very same stores. Some of the seconds in the Wrangler outlet have labels from large department stores in the Midwest and California. Here and there shirts from Bloomingdale's and Brooks Brothers even pop up. Wool ragg sweaters with ultrasuede elbows can be found for $15 in the Winona Knitting Mills outlet. For the more affluent shopper, plush corduroy suits, Anne Klein and Lanvin skirts and blouses fill the racks of the Brand Name Fashion Outlet. Even angora and cashmere sweaters are available.

Thus Charles Town appeals to a spectrum of customers, who buy the items they want with added satisfaction of saving money. Perhaps psychologically, they come seeking relief from the escalating costs of gasoline and groceries. Their need seems even to be a mild obsession — as many as twelve tour buses can be found in the parking lot on any given Saturday, and from as far away as Rochester or Long Island. The hoardes leave at the end of the day, content under the weight of their new jewel cases and laquered redwood wallclocks.

For a handful of specialty shopowners, Charles Town also provides the opportunity to turn talents and weekend hobbies into lucrative businesses. Cathy's Bake Shop in the snack area is a collection of folding tables laden with cakes, cookies, and brownies. Cathy, a rotund woman in a sweatshirt and bluejeans, is assisted behind the counter by her husband and three children. Downstairs in the crafts area, a former teacher has her workshop and store, which sells macrame and dried arrangements in addition to her own collection of ceramic trays, candlesticks, and figurines. Several other stands display jewelry. One young man makes balsa gliders that loop and return like a boomerang.

Aside from economic factors, one can also make social observations of Charles Town and of shopping malls in general. The phenomenon has, with an almost religious zeal, become a part of American life. People don't have to go to a mall specifically with the purpose of buying something; rather, it becomes for them a social spot. Of course the market has traditionally been a gathering place for the people of an area, but the twist is now that shopping is a form of entertainment. The Charles Town brochure states somewhat historically: "'Course, once you had gotten there, you were set to spend a leisurely afternoon browsing and mingling. . ." On Sunday afternoons, the parking lot is full not with tour buses but with station wagons. Whole families, grandparents included, come just to wander aimlessly through the stores, seeing the same things they saw last week and leaving only after they have once again taken a full tour of the facilities. High school couples frequently go to malls on dates; more and more, these places contain not only arcades but movie theaters, restaurants, and nightspots.

With all that malls have come to offer, they seem to provide a focus for the lives of their many patrons. Materialism, a new religion of sorts for the middle-class masses, allows its followers to increase their self-worth by satisfying wants, to be with others, to see and be seen.

This space contributed by the publisher

"Maybe it will go away."

The five most dangerous words in the English language.

American Cancer Society

This space contributed by the publisher.

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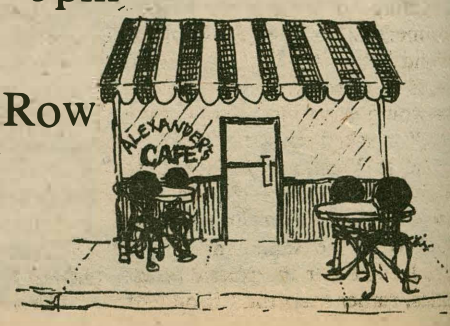


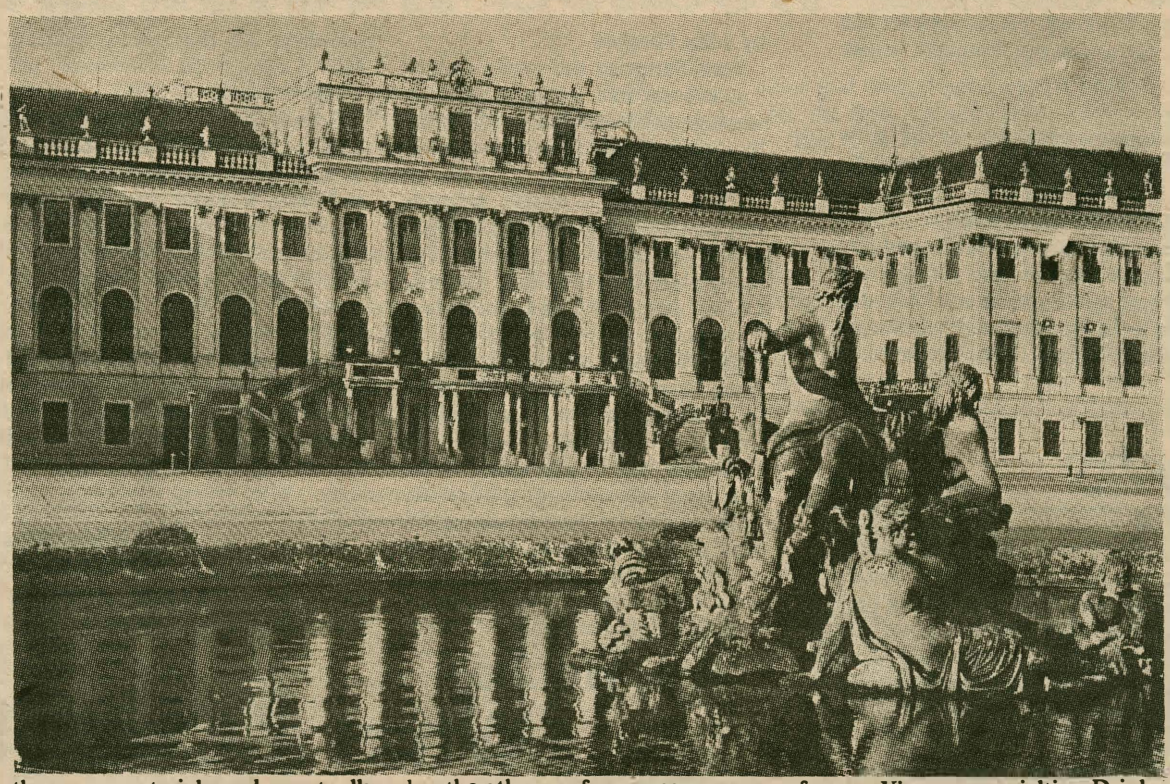
VIENNA: A WINTER ALTERNATIVE

by Jeff Rabin

Mine was your basic December break. I spent Christmas trying to convince myself that I was excited about a holiday whose religious significance has been converted into one long commercial, New Year's Eve trying to convince myself that I could drink like I used to, and the first two days of the new decade trying to convince myself I was still alive. Somewhere amid the countless Bloody Marys and 'bowl games it became January 3rd. A groggy voice in the back of my foggy brain started telling me to repack all of my possessions and load them and my carcass into a car for the much-feared trip back to that freak of nature, Winter Term.

The overloaded wagon pulled away from my house as smoothly as Lee P. could manage, but my body nonetheless screamed its displeasure at being handled so rudely. I tried (unsuccessfully) to settle in between the door and the person next to me for what I just knew was going to be an unbearable trip. The situation grew intolerably worse as Lee, the car, and my head all struggled with the laws of physics and Long Island traffic. "Why did we always have to leave during rush hour?" I thought. "Why is there always one too many people for comfort? And most importantly, why was my friend from home willing to drive all the way up to Hamilton College?"

All of these problems were either answered or alleviated as we turned into JFK International Airport, stopped in front of the KLM building, and began unloading our suitcases. Suddenly, I remembered. . .I was returning to Hamilton Winter Study, but I was not returning to Hamilton College. This was the beginning of my long-awaited Winter Term trip to Vienna. (For those wondering how something could be long-awaited and yet forgotten, I suggest you ask any of my fellow Lung Guylinders about the mind-numbing pleasures of being crammed in a car for 5



hours on a road as visually exciting as the NY Thruway.) That joyous sense of reprieve I felt at seeing Lee drive off kept my spirits high through the otherwise tedious tasks of checking in, boarding, and security controls. Only after I squeezed myself in between the window and the lady in the seat next to mine did I recall the pleasures of being crammed into a 747 for 8 hours over something as visually exciting as the Atlantic Ocean.

Deciding to soothe my soul, I consumed as many of those magic Holland brews in their pretty green cans as the pretty Dutch stewardesses would serve me. "How many times," I asked myself, "would I be going to Vienna on a Thursday? And how often does one get the chance to drink Heineken from the can?" With the same impeccable logic, I opted for the plastic headphones, rather than the "food" of the same material, and eventually drifted off to sleep with classical music in my ears and classic beer in my stomach.

I awoke at dawn in Amsterdam, as we touched down at Schiphol Airport. Unfortunately, since we had to catch our connecting flight to Vienna less than a half hour later, we had no time to browse among the many fine shops of this beautiful and busy complex, where one can buy everything from cheese and fine tobacco to diamonds and gold with anything from lire to yen to rubles to dollars. Here, our bleary eyed group of 14 students first saw what makes Sydna Weiss so exceptional—she worries about everything! She fretted and fidgeted so much whenever we had to present our passports, tickets, or boarding passes that I was often tempted to pretend that I had lost mine, just to see the expression on her face. Everything went smoothly, however, and we rode the moving sidewalks to the proper gate, arriving with ten minutes to spare.

While waiting to board, Frau Weiss presented us with "The Oath," a feature of the Hamilton Winter Term in Vienna that distinguishes it from similar programs offered by other colleges. This mandate, which must be signed by everyone in the group, specifies that only German may be spoken during the trip.

The two hour flight to Vienna was very quiet, as we struggled with our ill-fitting, unfamiliar German muzzles. The monotony was broken though, mostly by the magnificent view of the Alps, but also by our spastic attempts to describe them, which consisted of "German" mixed liberally with accidental English and expletives of frustration. After a breakfast of yolkless eggs (this was the last meal, by the way, which even remotely resembled Commons food) we landed at den Flughafen der Stadt Wien.

We were met there by Herr Colby, the other professor accompanying us on the trip, who had arrived in Vienna a few days earlier. After the customary "Hallos" and "Gruss Gotts" (we knew enough German to say that) we loaded onto the bus for the shuttle to the Pension Neuer Markt, our home for the next four weeks. The guide babbled away in fluent Viennese (the people of Vienna speak a softer, less guttural dialect than the "Hochdeutsch" of Germany) and since we didn't know enough German to interrupt, we simply sat back and enjoyed our first glimpses of this beautiful city.

We crossed die blaue Donau (Danube) several times and marvelled at this famous river. Though certain portions are darkened with mud and the inevitable pollution of the city, other areas of the Donau further north fully justified its lyrical reputation. In the distance, we could see the Prater, the huge ferris wheel where Orson Welles confronts Joseph Cotton in the movie, "The Third Man."

The Pension was perfectly located for our purposes. It was only a block away from the U-Bahn (subway) which took us directly to "The Ring," a network of roads and Strassenbahnen (street cars) which circumscribes the heart of Vienna and provides easy access to virtually the entire city. We didn't have to travel far, however, to see some of the most famous attractions Vienna has to offer. We were within walking distance of St. Stephansdom, the most magnificent church in a city of churches, and only five minutes from the Staatsoper (State Opera), where one could see such wonderful operas as *The Barber of Seville, Il Trovatore,* and *Carmen* nearly every night of the week.

We were also only one block from the Kärntnerstrasse, certainly the most expensive street in Vienna, if not the best known. On this wide avenue, which is closed to cars, we found the finest fashions, porcelain, electronic gadgetry, and Old World handiwork that existed in Europe. The Kärntnerstrasse is also the home of the prestigious Hotel Sacher, maker of the world famous Sacher Torte. This chocolate masterpiece with apricot filling is as expensive as it is delicious; a piece the size of a marshmallow costs $3 and an entire cake costs $25. Like the Hotel Sacher, the Cafe Demel, which has been serving Vienna's elite for nearly two centuries, sends its baked goodies all over the world; its clientele, like its confections, are indescribably rich.

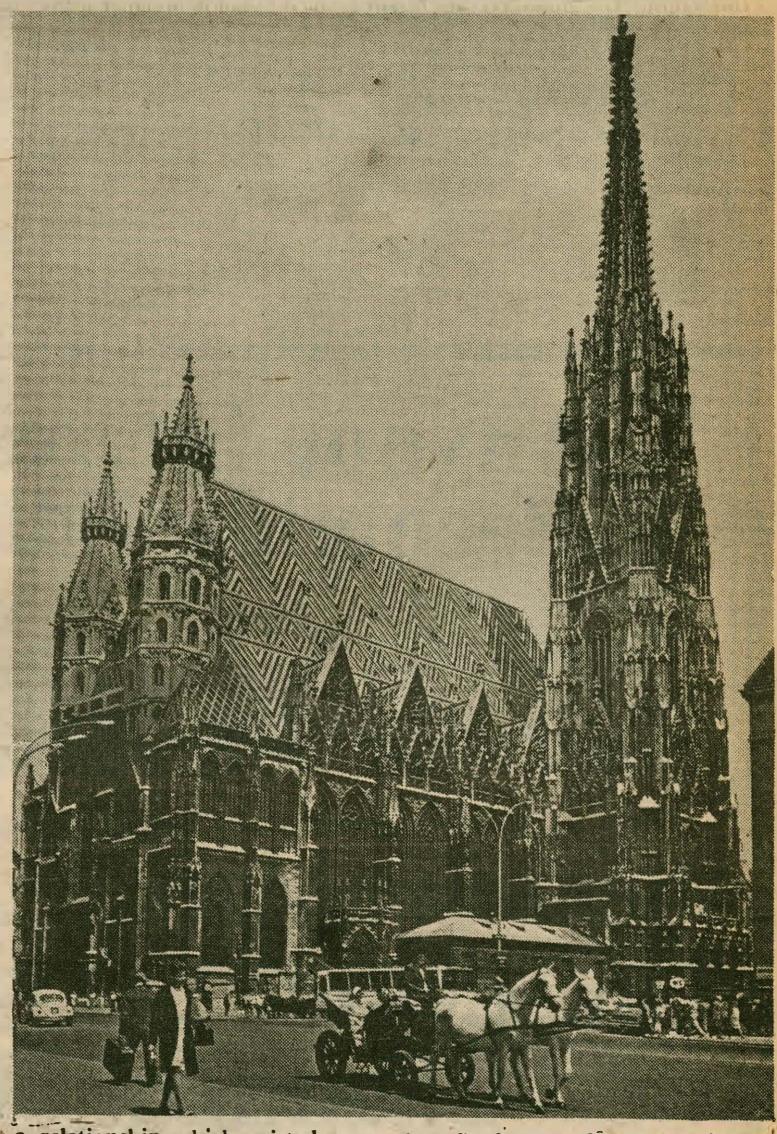
Eating in Vienna is not restricted to fabulous desserts, however. Wienerschnitzel (a veal cutlet dish named after the city itself), Burenwurst mit Senf (sausage with mustard), and Gurkensalat (cucumber salad) are just a few of the many famous Viennese specialties. Drinking is confined to beer and wine, but the selection and quality of these are unmatched anywhere. We could buy a litre of 12% beer for about 40¢ and spend a night in one of the countless Weinstuben for less than $5. Glühwein (red wine with raisins and sugar, served hot) was a particular favorite of ours.

Vienna is primarily a city of music and culture. Dozens of galleries abound, featuring paintings and drawings from all eras and all nations. It is said that the Kunsthistorisches Museum Wien would be as famous as the Prado or the Louvre if it had a better name. The Vienna Symphony, the Vienna Boy's Choir, and the Burgtheater are all world-reknowned symbols of the city's love affair with music, a relationship which existed even before Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert, and Mozart lived there. The people are obsessed with museums as well. Separate museums exist for circuses and clowns, 4-wheel wagons, film, armor, Esperanto, imperial cutlery, watches, tobacco, and even Sigmund Freud.

In fact, if anything, the people are *too* cultured. They tend to get caught up in the appreciation of art and music to the exclusion of a normal concern for world affairs. We saw a perfect example of this Viennese mentality of "Gewöhnlichkeit," best translated as a relaxed, casual acceptance of the way things are, during a particularly tense period of the Afghanistan crisis. Herr Colby called the group together and explained that, since we were only 35 miles from Russian-controlled territory, we might have to leave in a hurry. However, the vulnerability of Austria didn't seem to affect the Viennese people in the least. Four members of our group participated in a protest march against the Russian invasion; the demonstration attracted only 300 of the city's 600,000 inhabitants, and many of these stopped shouting, "Freiheit für Afghanistan," or, "Lieber Tod als Rot" as we neared the Russian embassy; that customary Gewöhnlichkeit was making its presence known. "We have a saying," one of our hosts explained, "the situation is hopeless, but not serious."

I can't say that I wholly agree with the Austrian attitude, but I must admit that I was completely enamored with it while I was there. From something as far-reaching and important as a reaction to a world crisis to something as trivial as serving "Bier" at MacDonald's with "Viertelpfunders," the Austrians necessarily have a different outlook on life. Understanding, or at least being exposed to that foreign perspective is where the value of a term overseas really lies.

I don't mean to undermine the value of staying in Clinton over Winter Term; sometimes that's the best thing one can do. But too many people never even consider taking a Winter Term abroad because they see their facility in a language as a barrier. What they fail to understand is that it is not necessary to speak the language to benefit from such an experience. Whether one's initial interest is based on a country's architecture, music, art, theater, or politics, a stay in that country will almost always result in a love of its people, which makes learning the language a virtual inevitability. I happened to travel to Vienna to improve my German, which I did, but I returned having increased my knowledge of, and improved my perspective on, a great many other things, not the least of which was myself.



TRIVIA

Tune in between 8 and 10 p.m. Monday on WHCL for "The Monday Night Madnes—Tunes and Trivia". Keep those calls coming. . .

WOMEN'S ENERGY T-SHIRTS

If you enjoyed Women's Energy Weekend, please support the Woman's Center by buying a T-shirt. On sale in the Woman's Center for $4.00.

PHOTO PRINT SALE

There will be a sale of senior photography students' works in the Bristol Snack Bar on Thursday, March 13th, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Art by Amron, Votta, Stokes, and Horth.

SECOND ANNUAL CANDLELIGHT FESTIVAL

The International Student's Association present the *Second Annual Candlelight Festival.* Eat all the international food you can eat; drink all the rum punch and/or wine you can drink; listen to as much international music as you wish. Join us in the fun and good time on Saturday (3/8/80) at 9 p.m. in McEwen Dining Hall (Admission is only one dollar!!!).

blurbs

STUDENT ASSEMBLY PRESIDENT

Yes, you too can be president of the Hamilton Student Assembly. You'll meet fascinating people and engage in wordly debate. If you are interested you should pick up a nominating petition from the Bristol Campus Center. Return the petition along with a platform (which *must* be typewritten *and* double spaced) of no more than 200 words to: John Murad, Campus Mail. Petitions and platforms are due *no later* than 4:30 Wednesday, March 11th.

J-BOARD CHAIR

Anyone interested in running for the Chair of the Judiciary Board should pick up a nominating petition from the Bristol Campus Center. Completed petitions should be returned, along with a platform of no more than 200 words (which *must* be typewritten *and* double spaced), to: Steve Adolfi, Campus Mail, by 4:30 Wednesday, March 11th. No preference will be shown to pre-laws.

PROGRAM BOARD HEAD NEEDED

Have a say in organizing the social life at Hamilton College. Run for the Chair of the Program Board. Anyone interested should pick up a nominating petition from the Bristol Campus Center. Return the completed petition, along with a platform (which *must* be typewritten *and* double-space) of no more than 200 words to: Tom Genton, Campus Mail by 4:30, Wednesday, March 11th.

LIFE BEYOND THE HILL

Four graduates of the Colleges will talk about the relation between their undergraduate programs and life beyond the Hill on Saturday, March 8th at 12:30 p.m. in the Science Auditorium. Panelists include: Edward Gelsthorpe '42, a trustee of the College; Robert Hacker '73, currently an international financial consultant; Beth Kneisel, Kirkland '74, also a trustee; and Anna Sierra, Kirkland '75, and executive in New York City. Sponsored by Dean Carol Locke.

REWARD

A $25.00 reward is offered for return or information leading to the return of a modular painting belong to art major Constance Mack. It was stored in TDX and has been missing since February.

KENNEDY SUPPORTERS

There will be an organization meeting for those students interested in working on the Kennedy for President campaign at 8:00 on Tuesday, March 11th, in the Senate room at B.C.C.

Tracksters Win

by John Fudyma

Last Saturday the men's Indoor Track team had a somewhat easy workout as they defeated Hartwick by a score of 76-55 in a dual meet here at Hamilton.

The sprinters, whose progress this season has more than pleased Coach Joe Kacevich, continued to score heavily for the running Conts. After 3rd and 2nd place finishes in the 60 meter sprint, Bryan DiMiceli and Andy Wertz came back strong in the 300 meter to capture 1st and 2nd, respectively, with times of 37.4 and 37.9. Freshman Paul Debruyn, in his first open 400 meter of the season, finished with 1st place honors and a time of 52.9. Debruyn was also a member of the 1600 meter relay team that breezed past Hartwick with a time of 3:36.5. Other members of that team included Mike Leaks, Scott Dillenback, and Vinny O'Neill.

Sean Delaney continued to lead a quality but somewhat depthless contingent of winners in the middle and long distance races. Delaney took two 2nd place finishes in the 800 meter and 1500 meter runs. In the 500 meter, a new race which has replaced the 600 meter, Vinny O'Neill broke the tape with a 1:09.7. Tim Pynchon managed a 2nd place finish in the 1000 meter run with a 2:43.5, and finally Mike Edelstein and Andy Nill finished 1st and 2nd, respectively, in the 300 meter with times of 9:24.0 and 9:39.8.

In the field events, Hamilton scored 26 points out of a possible 41. Tom Jasinski had an off day finishing with a put of 48'½". The effort, which is below par for Tom, netted him a first place finish. Dan Clair took second behind Tom with a toss of 39'8".

Joe Gottlieb, who injured his knee earlier this year, seems to be recovering well as he captured two first place finishes in the long and triple jumps. Co-captain Marty O'Toole finished 3rd in both jumping events.

Pete Sheehan leaped his way into 1st in the high jump, floating over the bar at a mark of 5'8". Teammate Mike Leaks finished 3rd with a jump of 5'6".

Tomorrow the Conts encounter strong teams from Fredonia and St. Lawrence here at home beginning at 1:00 p.m. The team then closes its indoor season on March 15th at the State Championship Meet at R.P.I.

J.V. Hockey

What a Comeback

by Laurence Goldfarb

"It was one of the most exciting comebacks I've seen in my twenty years of watching hockey." These were the words coach Alvin Nickerson Jr. used to describe the J.V. Hockey team's truly amazing 4-3 victory over Broome Tech in their final game of the season.

Broome had surged to a 3-0 lead behind spectacular goaltending and opportunistic play. Two of the three Broome goals came while defending against the power play. In fact, the game was dominated by penalties as a season high total of twenty penalties were handed out.

With seven minutes remaining in the contest, Hamilton's Doug Gray was penalized for tripping and the J.V. Continentals appeared headed for their seventh loss of the season (and a .500 record). Yet just a minute into the penalty, Si Hibberson—fore-checking effectively—stole the puck, and lifted a wrist shot over the sprawled goalie into the net.'

"I knew as soon as we scored one," Nickerson commented, "we'd get a couple more. I was just hoping to send the game into overtime." The goal seemed to inject life into a team that had skated listlessly for two and a half periods.

Hamilton easily killed off the remainder of the penalty. They they went on the attack. With 2:07 remaining, Jim Navagh and Ward Urban set up Bill Bruce in front of the net for his third goal of the season and Hamilton had cut the deficit to one goal.

Following the goal, Broome became overly belligerent and was assessed roughing penalties 22 seconds apart giving Hamilton a two man advantage. The fired up Continentals needed only four seconds to tie the game as Rich Reuben took a pass from Steve Garvin and creased the mesh with 1:45 remaining in the contest. Hamilton cleared the Bench and mobbed Reuben much in the same way Team USA mobbed Jim Craig following their Russian Victory.

Still sporting a one man advantage, Frank Ashby fed Si Hibberson for the game winner with 1:02 remaining, capping an unbelievable comeback.

In a span of 5:15, the Continentals had scored four goals and rescued victory from the jaws of defeat. Following the game, the Hamilton squad erupted. USA! USA! could be heard emanating from the locker room. Thus the Blue ends their season with an 8-6 record.

"We had a good year," Nickerson asserted, "the team played hard. They played some fine teams. We beat the squads we should have beaten and we lost to some tough teams. Amherst (N.Y.),Chicago, Northwood are some of the top junior teams in the country. We've not upset anyone, nor have we been upset. But that game against Broome. Boy, what a game, what a comeback."

PUCK POINTS

Mike Davacino and Ray Santerini were fabulous in goal for the J.V. Continentals and might be stoppng pucks for the Varsity next season. Rich Reuben, after switching to defense, became Hamilton's steadiest defenseman. Other players who had fine seasons included: George Roeblen, Gordon Murray, Mike King, and Mike Mosse. Sandy Schirmer is the team's only graduating senior.

Anyone interested in Becoming Editor of

Roots in the Glen

Please contact:
Tim Keiter,
Chairman of Pub. Board

for an application as soon as possible.

CHAPEL

In case you have not heard, Chapel has been moved.

Now, we meet on Mondays at 10:30pm.

We hope to see you all there

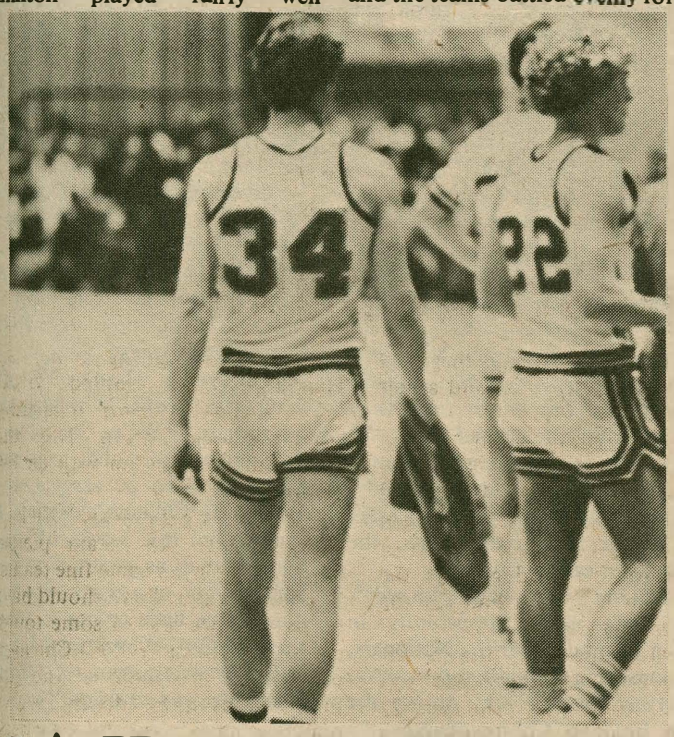
Basketball Season Ends

by Lee Berner

A basketball season of ups and downs ended on a down note last Friday when the Continentals lost to Elmira 66-64 in the first round of the Division III Upstate New York Tournament at R.I.T.. A short lapse midway through the second half, in which Elmira scored eight straight points to open a 7 point lead, combined with poor foul shooting down the stretch, proved to be the Blue's undoing.

For the most part, however, Hamilton played fairly well throughout. The Blue did not commit many turnovers, and other mistakes which had plagued them in recent games were not in evidence.

Starting guard Bruce Weir did not make the trip because of an illness and defensive specialist Keith Whelan started in his place. Paced by Ron Evans and Bob Kiely, Hamilton surged to a 16-8 lead midway through the first half. Elmira, however, got right back in the game with 6 consecutive points and the teams battled evenly for the remainder of the half, and Hamilton, on a last second basket by Bill Ackerman, led 29-28 at intermission.



Elmira surged at the start of the second half and took an early 5 point lead. Hamilton quickly got back in the game and the teams seesawed back and forth until an Evans basket gave the Blue a 46-45 lead with 10 minutes remaining.

For the next 3 minutes, however, it was all Elmira. 8 straight points gave the Eagles a 53-46 lead with 7 minutes left. The Blue fought gamely to close the gap, but Elmira always seemed to come up with a clutch basket.

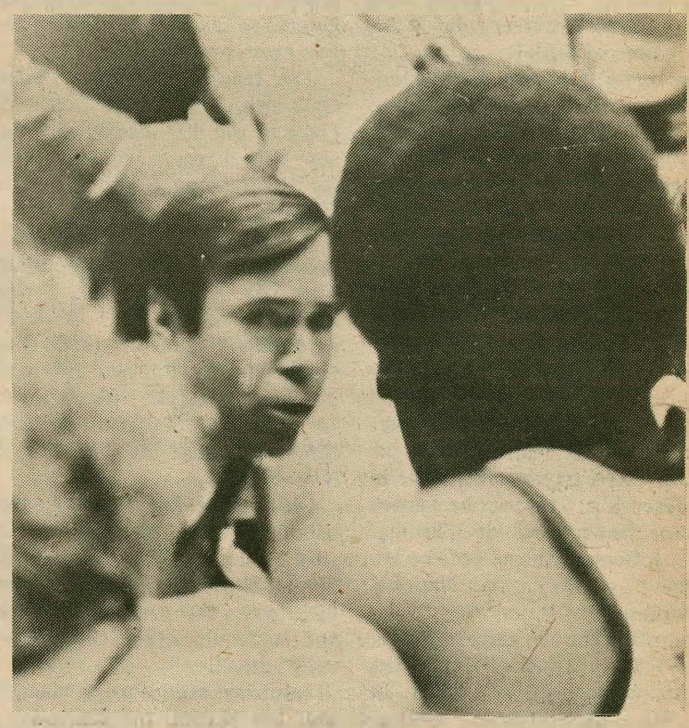
A basket by Ackerman brought the Blue to within 3, 63-60, with 1:28 left. After an Elmira miss, the Blue worked the ball to Kevin Grimmer, who missed a shot but was fouled. Grimmer, who had foul-shooting problems all game, missed the front end of a one-and-one (the second time he did so in the last four minutes of the game), but Evans rebounded, was fouled, and hit both to bring Hamilton within one, with 43 seconds left.

The Blue could not come up with a steal, and fouled Elmira's Kevin Courtney, a little used reserve, who is only a 50% foul shooter, with 21 seconds left. Courtney, however, hit a pair of crucial free throws to ice the contest. Another Courtney foul shot and a basket by Grimmer put the final score at 66-64.

The brightest spot for Hamilton was the play of Bill Ackerman, who filled in at Weir's off guard spot. With a fine display of outside shooting, including some important baskets down the stretch, Ackerman led the team with a career high 14 points. Grimmer had 13, Kiely 12 and Evans 10. Kevin Gillian and Brian Spencer led Elmira with 18 and 15 points respectively.

In the other semifinal, R.I.T. topped Plattsburg State 72-68, but Elmira copped the title by beating R.I.T. 74-68 on Saturday.

In NCAA action, Potsdam topped Stony Brook and Albany snapped St. Lawrence's 15 game win streak. Potsdam then defeated Albany 87-81 to advance to the Division III quarterfinals against Albright of Virginia this weekend. The winner advances to the final four at Rock Island, Illinois next weekend.



A.H. Snyder

Senior Profiles

Keith Whelan

I was in Keith Whelan's neighborhood last year. It's called Hasbrouck Heights, and it is in New Jersey almost directly across from the City. Hasbrouck Heights is a neat little borough, divided by neat little blocks, lined with neat little square houses, that have in them neat little families that live neat little lives. The product that you would expect from Hasbrouck Heights is Keith Whelan—hard working, amiable, perservering, disciplined, neat, and little.

Keith Whelan isn't really little. I lied. He seems little, he seems insignificant at times, he blends in with the crowd. He doesn't walk around campus with beautiful girls hanging off of his arms (for that matter, who does?) He doesn't lead great rallies against the Pub. He doesn't get drunk and rowdy and loud down at the Pub, and he doesn't make dynamic moves on the basketball floor and pump in three point plays to pull out victories. He is not big and visible, he is small and sometimes invisible.

Guys like Keith Whelan are a dying breed. Keith Whelan never had to decide when to work hard, he just always did. You can see that by walking through the streets of Hasbrouck Heights. The place is comfortable, but you know that everybody there earned their niche in society by scraping. It's written all over the square shingled houses with narrow drive-ways and potted plants in the front yard. Everything is the same, nothing spectacular. No coach would want twelve Keith Whelans because someone has got to be flashy, someone has got to score points and throw in twenty foot jumpers. Keith Whelan does all of the things that don't show up in the boxscore, but unfortunately the box score is where they decide who wins and who loses. But any coach in his right mind would take one, or two, or maybe six Keith Whelan's to fill out his roster. Keither Whelan is cut out of the old mold, and with the way today's basketball has evolved, we all appreciate that old mold a little bit more. The player who can't jam the ball every way but with his feet. The player who had to work hard for everything he has, and who still has to work hard to keep it. The player who is never cocky, and wouldn't ever be cocky no matter what he could do on the basketball floor. Some players are called coachable, but Keith Whelan goes a little further than that. Keith Whelan will be as hard to replace as Kevin Grimmer, or Cedric Oliver or John Klauberg. Anyone who knows Keith knows this to be the case.

So I sit and say to myself, what does Keith Whelan have to show for all of his work. A couple of varsity letters and some good memories? There are no press clippings, no memories of starting roles and twenty point performances, and no tales at the Pub of how Keith is the key to the team. No, there are no ovations when Keith walks on the floor. This is my ovation. What Keith Whelan has to show for his work is a lot of respect gained for what he can do, not for what he can't. And when it comes to all those cheers, and clippings, and honors, Keith Whelan has to be one of those that gave a little more than he received.

Mike Burkhard

My best memory of Mike Burkhard goes back to our freshman year in Dunham—the Dunham that most of the people in school today never saw. All the freshman guys lived together, and we were all a little crazy, a little scared, a little frustrated, and a little lonely. On Saint Patrick's day of that year Mike, and I, and Karl Raynor got drunk together on green beer at the Pub, and then we rampaged through the halls of Dunham singing "MacNamara's Band" and "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder". We were all doing bad in school, we were all having trouble with our high-school sweethearts, and we were all glad to keep each other company that night. That is the way we were in Dunham, we all hung in there tough, together.

Mike Burkhard learned something from those days in Dunham. He learned how to hang in tought. Last year at the beginning of preseason try-outs I stopped into the field house to see how the team looked for the upcoming year. Grimmer was pounding the boards like an animal, Magee was slithering in and out of defenders, and Southworth was canning running jumpers like they were nothing. All as could be expected. But Mike Burkhard looked the best of all of them. He has always been limited by his speed and ball-handling ability, but I couldn't believe how well he was capitalizing on his strengths. He was shooting the eyes out of the basket, and even the coaches were looking at each other and smiling with a surprised approval. Mike's game had finally come around, and he was panning out after all. He looked to be an important asset to the team all through the season, if he didn't get hurt. Ah, a catch. A torn achilles tendon.

So Mike's big chance was a shot in the ass. Life, like it did that freshman year, had dealt another big goose egg. But Mike Burkhard came back. He worked himself into shape, and he has played his senior year, even though he might be slower than the line in the bathroom at half-time. That comeback made Mike's career for him, it made it all worthwhile. Almost. He'd love to have that junior year back, and a shot at a good senior year. Comebacks are great, but you get sick of them after awhile you want to be on top. Mike has one more ECAC tourney, one more semester, and one more Saint Patrick's day here at Ham Tech. Maybe Mike and Karl and I will go out and celebrate, and do a little singing, like when we were freshmen.

Spectator Sports

Swimmers Finish 3rd

by Laurence Goldfarb

From February 28th to March 1st, the Varsity Swimming team competed in the Upper N.Y. State Swimming and Diving Championships at R.I.T.

The meet opened with the 500 yard freestyle. Norm Lyster, who won the event last year, placed 7th with a time of 4:53.1.

The team, states coach MacDonald, looks to Lyster for leadership. "When he bombed out in the 500, everybody lost confidence. It's like the basketball team playing without Cedric Oliver. It's really psychological; if he's not there, it upsets the other people."

Lyster, who for the last two seasons has pointed toward the State Meet, decided this season to prepare for the nationals. "It was our decision," MacDonald said. "the last two years he sacrificed his performance in the Nationals for the sake of the team's performance in the State Meet. This year he wanted to shave down there (at Washington & Jefferson, the site of the Division III National Championships)."

Following the 500 yard Freestyle, Adam Cowles finished 9th in the 200 individual medley in 204.1. In the 500 yard freestyle, Emmet Reid's 22.152 was good enough for a third place. The blue's lone victory of the day was achieved by diver Ed Ptak. His accumulated point total from the one meter board placed him 113 points ahead of his closest competitor. This superb performance spurred MacDonald to say, "Ed is the best diver I've ever coached."

The team of Cowles, Palmer, Galbraith, and Vickery took 5th place in the 400 medley, setting a new school record, and qualifying for the nationals with a time of 3:39.692.

Friday was the Bluefish improve upon the. "very dissappointing" Thursday performance. Craig Lasher earned 6th place in the 400 yard individual medley (4:43.1) and Hugh Vickery finished 7th in the 200 yard freestyle with a time of 147.098., 88/1000th of a second short of qualifying him for the Nationals.

Other outstanding performances include Cowles' 3rd place in the 100 yard backstroke (55.67), qualifying him for the Nationals, Dave Conn's 12th in the 100 yard breast stroke, and Rod Galbraith's 7th in the 100 yard butterfly.

Saturday, according to MacDonald, was Hamilton's finest day of the meet. "They really came on strong. They saw that they had to go out and do it themselves, and they did it." The day began with Lyster and Vickery taking 5th places in their respective events. Lyster swam the 1650 yard freestyle in 12:01.4, and Vickery's time was 48.8 in the 100 yard freestyle.

The 200 yard backstroke saw Cowles and Rich Conklin qualify for the Nationals. Cowles' time of 202.106 was achieved during a preliminary heat. He subsequently finished 6th in the Finals. Conklin's time of 202.556 placed him 9th, as his preliminary time did not qualify him for the finals.

Equally strong were the performances of Bob Black (2:17.4) and Dave Palmer (2:20.665) who each knocked more than 8 seconds off their seed time (their individual best time for that event) while earning 3rd and 12th place respectively. "These were truly two incredible swims," said MacDonald.

Galbraith in the 200 yard butterfly also turned in a fine performance. His 2nd place finish shaved 6 seconds off his seed time. Ed Ptak won the 3 meter diving competition and thus swept both diving events. Finally, the team of Conn, Reid, Lyster, and Vickery qualified for the nationals with a time of 315.188, taking fifth place.

The final standing show that Hamilton finished 3rd behind St. Lawrence and R.I.T. "R.I.T. had a good championship," MacDonald said. "If we swam R.I.T. during the regular season, I think we would have beaten them. The diving really killed us. Though Ed won both events, they had four divers [Hamilton entered one diver]. Those extra divers made a difference in this meet."

Looking beyond the States, Hamilton has qualified 6 swimmers for the national championships. They include: Lyster, Reid, Vickery, Cowles, Ptak, and Conklin. Two relay teams also qualified, but can't attend because NESCAC prohibits teams from competing in tournament competition more than a week after the season ends. "A relay team is considered a team," explained MacDonald, "yet [only] if four members of the relay team qualify in individual events, the relay team can compete."

NESCAC, in order to give swimmers one more opportunity in which to qualify for the Nationals, is sponsoring a qualifying meet on Saturday, March 8th, during the New England Championships. "I just found out about the meet today," MacDonald complained. Though the meet was scheduled weeks ago, Hamilton—a charter member of NESCAC—at press time had still not recieved a formal invitation.

"They [NESCAC] just care about teams in New England. Hamilton isn't in New England, is it? This is just another indication that we are the black sheep of NESCAC. I still haven't received formal notice of the meet."

Nevertheless, MacDonald is bringing some swimmers to the meet. "The guys who want to, will go. They will incur no pressure from the coach." The meet takes place at MacDonald's alma mater, Springfield College.

Concerning Hamilton's affiliation with NESCAC, MacDonald continued, "We're in it for the convenience of public relations. It looks good to be associated with Bowdoin, Williams, Amherst. I can understand this aspect of it and I agree with it, as an associate professor. Strictly, as a coach, it's not too good. I've been trying to schedule them (NESCAC schools) for years and they won't swim us. NESCAC also restricts recruiting."

Women Icers Improve

by Judi Alperin

This year's women's ice hockey team concluded their season with a record of 0-8, yet the team improved considerably throughout the season. The team's spirit remained high despite inexperience and equipment problems. Athletic Director Tom Murphy is hoping to see a substantial budget increase for next year's Blueberries, and is now waiting to see if the budget will be passed.

Senior Meg Votta felt there was a tremendous improvement over last year's team because of increased participation, number of intercollegiate games, and most of all the dedication of the coaches. "This year's coaches cared about the team and created enthusiasm amongst the players."

Coaches Ken Howe and Rick Allen gave incentive to the girls. They set up regular practices and exercised the team members into shape. Allen and Howe made the players feel like a team. The coaches made it clear that each game mattered. This attitude produced a spirited, close team that went on the ice not only to win but to have fun.

Coach Howe is optimistic about next year for four reasons: 1) Most of the team will be returning. Three seniors—Susan Grey, Jane Thurber, and Meg Votta—will leave vacancies, but with this year's experience the team should be able to fill their skates. 2) The working budget should provide the team with the proper equipment. 3) Both coaches will be returning and, as a result, they will have a better knowledge of the teams capabilities. 4) Allen and Howe are also hoping for an expanded roster.

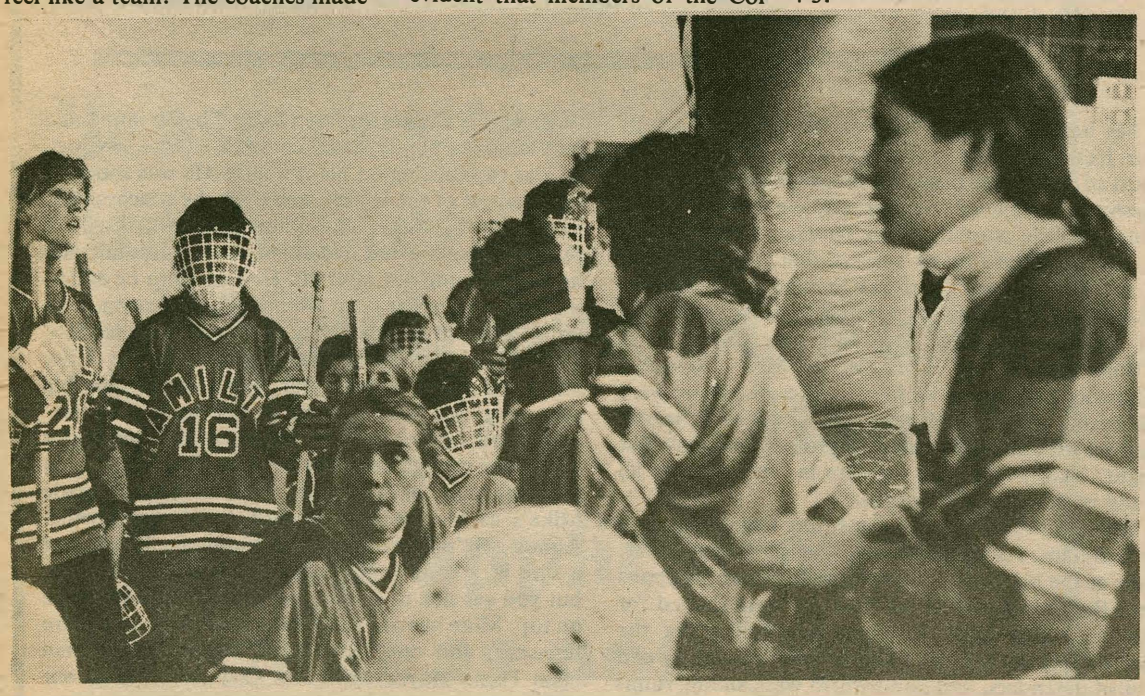
The improvement of the team was very noticeable in their last two games, as the Blueberries skated against Colgate and RPI. The Blueberries were skated over 1-5 earlier in the season by the Colgate women. During the rematch, Hamilton's improvement was so evident that members of the Colgate team commented on the change.

In the final game of the season,the Blueberries lost to RPI 1-3. Beth Kent scored Hamilton's only goal with assists from Jane Thurber and Marina Mahlau. Freshman goalie Vicki Yelton had 28 saves. RPI was so impressed with the Blueberries performance that they have scheduled two games for next year. RPI has also invited Hamilton to participate in their girl's ice hockey tournament.

The Blueberries are looking to expand their schedule from 8 to 14 games next year. However, the team will not petition for varsity status for another year. The coaches are hoping to develop a program that is competitive and that will be accepted by the athletic board.

□ □ □

NOTE: The Hamilton Blueberries won their first intramural game against Chi Psi on Tuesday night 4-3!



A Bunch of Blueberries!

Army's Hockey Coach *Reilly Remembers*

by Laurence Goldfarb

On Tuesday Feburary 26th, Jack Reilly, the coach of the Army varsity hockey team, brought his squad to Hamilton for the first time in nine years. "The last time I was here, I'll never forget, they threw a big fish out on the ice [protesting America's involvement in Vietnam] and I had my manager get the fish off the ice. I have it mounted in my basement." That night the crowd was so unruly, the game was almost forfeited. In fact, Hamilton lost the game to Army 3-2 in overtime.

In addition to being the coach of Army for over twenty years, Jack Reilly led the 1960 Olympic team to an improbable gold medal. Having witnessed the 1980 team's amazing exploits, he compares the Lake Placid victory to the gold medal performance in 1960: "TV made more of this game than the '60 game. Plus the fact that the Afganistan situation added to the victory. Back in '60 we beat Canada, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, and Russia without a day's rest. We played a Canadian team that was a pro team, the Czechs were very strong, and the Russians were very good, but at that time no one knew how good the Russian team was because they didn't play in the N.H.L. This year the Russian team was stronger, but they didn't play with the same emotion and desire that the U.S. team played with. The country just fell in love with the team, and adopted them. The same thing happened in '60, but that was twenty years ago; a lot of people forget."

This year's Olympic Hockey team was fielded six months in advance of the Games. How long before the Games was the 1960 team formed? "You won't believe this; we met at West Point the first week in December. We stayed at West Point for a few weeks, and then went on a tour in this country. I didn't meet three of the players until a week before the Games started at Squaw Valley. I met John Mayersack a day before we beat Sweden. I gave him a jersey and said 'here, you're number two, good luck,' and he went out and scored three goals. Our budget was $60,000. The budget in this year's team was $750,000. I know that Herb Brooks received a pretty good salary for coaching this year's team. In 1960, they paid the coach off with green stamps."

Finally, a lot has been made of the play of America's goalie Jim Craig and how he compares to Jack McCartan. Did Craig play as big a part in the U.S. victory in 1980 as McCartan played in 1960? "No way, the teams we played in '60 were stronger than we were, and McCartan kept us in the game. This year Craig had a fantastic first period against Sweden. The Czechs weren't as strong, and the [U.S.] team overpowered the Czechs. Then we had three games with Norway, and Rumania, and West Germany; whom we were definitely better than. Craig did play well against the Russians, the shots were 36-13. In the Finnish game he wasn't too busy; so he did make the saves when he had to make them, but he didn't have the business Jack McCartan had. Our team [of 1960] maybe wasn't as strong because McCartan was keeping us in every game. This year it wasn't so."

Thus, Jack Reilly coached a team whose feat in 1960 stood unparalled in American sports history until a man from the University of Minnesota assembled a team in the tiny town of Lake Placid. Last month, that team accomplished one of the greatest upsets in Olympic history.